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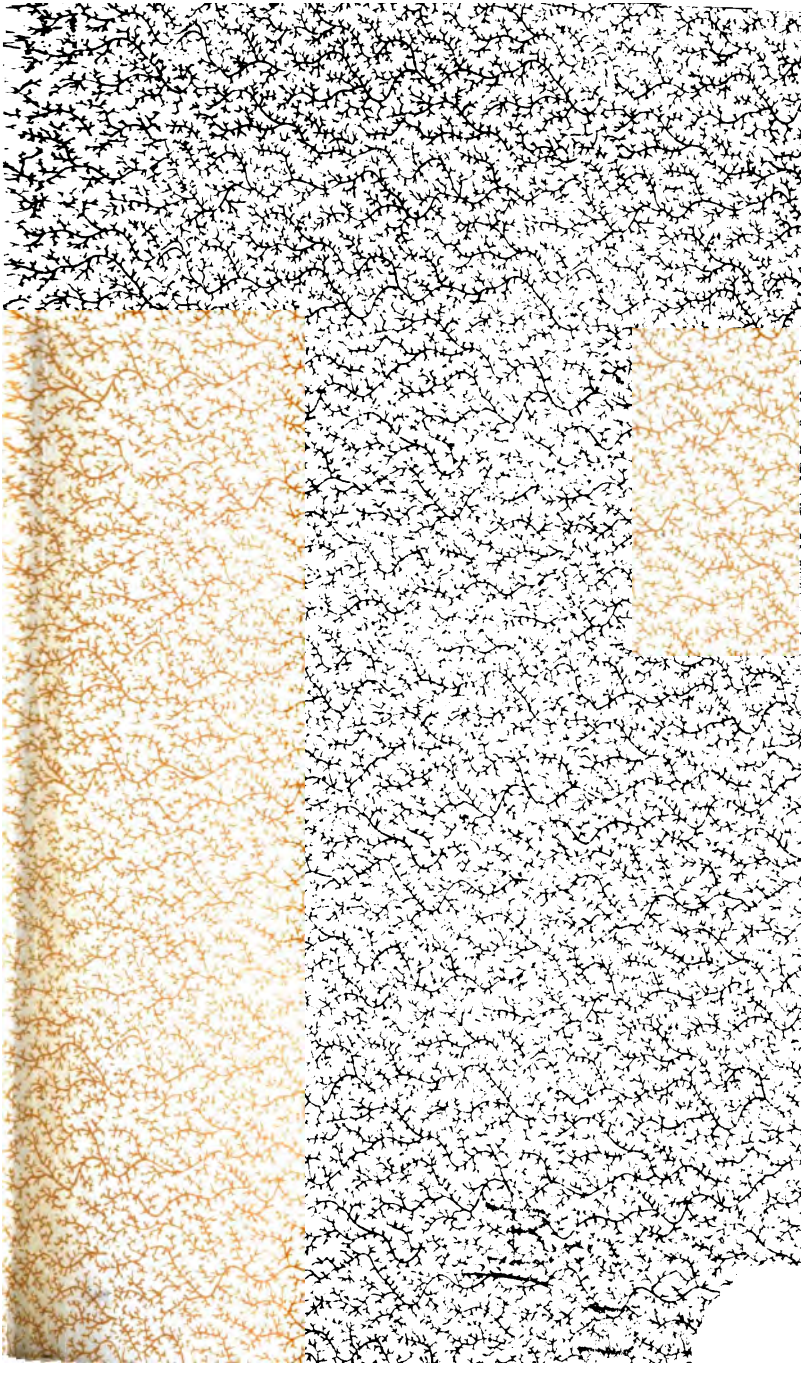

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OF

AN EXILE.

By Thomas Alexander Brewell.

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1825.

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DO NOT
TAKE
FROM
THIS
ROOM

INTRODUCTION.

During my residence at Marseilles in the autumn of 1822, I used often to ramble out into the villages which surround that singular city. Its immediate neighbourhood presents few interesting spots, the suburbs being intersected in every direction by stone walls, which enclose the *bastides*, or country-houses of the merchants, and which often prevent one from gaining some point, apparently near, that is thus, perhaps, trebled in its distance. The city itself, after one has resided there a short time, becomes monotonous and wearisome to the traveller who possesses no acquaintances within it. Its climate, however, is delicious, bright

skies of eternal blue and a light breeze generally prevailing during the Autumn and Winter for days and weeks together. But these are best enjoyed beyond the city walls, and consequently I used to spend much of my time in wandering over the country, which consists chiefly of mountains, with the exception of the plain on which Marseilles is situated, and which spreads to some distance along the coast. Numerous villages are scattered up and down it, and extend up the mountains, which command a noble view of the sea and surrounding country. I had prolonged my walk one day as far as the small hamlet of St. Joseph, where the ex-director Barras, one of the *exeunt omnes* of the French revolutionary tragedy, had a chateau: this still exists, but belongs to another proprietor. A terrace runs along its front, above a garden filled with flowers; and I wondered how any one, possessed of such a place, could have quitted it for the wars and

tempests of political life. A vineyard lay close to the chateau, and, tempted by some mellow grapes which hung clustering among the dark red vine leaves, I entered, and advanced towards the *vignerons*, who were engaged in plucking the fruit. The person who seemed to superintend the others, immediately came up to me, saluted me with much civility, and desired me to help myself unsparingly. He seemed a hearty honest fellow, and with his *vignerons* presently struck up a song in praise of the joys of Autumn, the burthen of which ran thus:

> "Vive la saison de l'Automne,
> Ami c'est le soir d'un beau jour,
> Que Bacchus, Amour, et Pomone,
> Viennent embellir tour-à-tour."

I sat down at the foot of a peach-tree, many of which were planted among the vines, and contemplated the prospect before me. Beneath

me lay a dark wood of pines, mixing their black tops with the fresh verdure of the laurel and wild shrubs which clothed a cluster of broken rocks. To my right lay the rich vineyards, bending along the feet of the brown and arid mountains which reared themselves from the plain, and terminated in vast rugged peaks. From among the rocks and pines which were beneath me, rose up one crag loftier than the rest, upon which was a hermitage cut out of the solid stone. To my left lay the city, looking like a huge quarry, without a spire or turret to relieve the white mass of building. The plain, glittering with its innumerable *bastides*, extended, as I have already mentioned, to some distance, and was then terminated by the same sullen looking mountains that rose to the right: while in front, and stretching far away in blue and sparkling pride, lay that bright sea which bathes so many sacred lands. I sank into a delicious state of dreaming and forgetfulness of all around

me, and remained looking upon those waves which recall so many interesting and impressive events to the mind. While buried in the pleasing visions which my imagination had been suggesting to me, it seemed as if solemn and sweet harmony was gradually stealing around me; the sounds increased, and appeared to be no fanciful dream, for they were evidently approaching. I had sat so long, that the day was nearly spent. The sun had sunk behind the islands which lie at some distance from the harbour, and which rose up from the still blue sea in dark relief against the glowing sky. The breeze, which had played over my head among the leaves of the peach-tree, had subsided; the air was filled with mountain perfume, and the tinkling bells of the goats, which were returning from pasture, mingled their ringing with the advancing voices. The persons from whom they proceeded emerged from the wood, and wound round the foot of the eminence upon which

I had been sitting. They composed a funeral procession, and I joined them. First came one of the Grey Penitents, carrying a rough cross of dark wood; a priest followed, preceding the body, which was wrapped in a white sheet, with the pale face uncovered, and reposing on an open bier*, supported by four of the same order of Penitents, who were clothed from head to foot in a long grey robe: their faces were completely concealed by it, there being only sufficient apertures left for seeing and breathing. The procession was closed by a number of male and female peasants, each carrying a small wax-taper in one hand, and a prayer-book in the other. As we advanced towards the church, the priest at intervals murmured a prayer; when he ceased, the followers chanted the *de profundis*, or hymn for the

* In the Southern countries of Europe, it is the custom to bury the dead without coffin, and with the features unconcealed; in Spain, the corpse is generally dressed as a Franciscan friar.

dead; while the pauses were filled up by the distant whispering of the sea and the toll of the passing-bell. We soon reached the cemetery: the grave was at the furthest end, looking towards the north-west, shaded by a fig-tree, and surrounded by tufts of wild thyme and rosemary. The body was taken from the bier and lowered into the earth, while the assistants and myself knelt around, and once more chanted the farewell hymn. The sight of the corpse was affecting, nay, appalling. One might almost have imagined that some sleeper had been cautiously taken from his pillow, and treacherously hurried into a living grave. As we rose up to depart, the sexton began to perform his office; the dark mould gradually mingled itself with the winding-sheet, while the clasped white fingers and tranquil features appeared here and there through the fast-increasing heap. Thus it is that we are indeed but dust; thus do we return to that from

which we are made: in a few weeks those eyes that had beamed and wept—those lips that had charmed in health and life, and prayed in sickness and agony, would be all black and crumbling as the earth which covered them. As we returned, I observed my friend, the *vigneron*, among the peasants who had assisted at the funeral. He was evidently distressed, and leading a little boy by the hand, who wept bitterly. Having recognized me, however, he came up to me, and said, "Ah! Sir, this has been a sorrowful sight for you, and for us all,—for we all loved him. I did not tell you about this in the morning, for I did not wish to make you sad, and to send you back to the gay city with mournful thoughts. But since you have seen it, you will be sorry to hear that we have just buried a young countryman of yours." "And had he no friend or relation," said I, "to attend his remains to the grave?" "None, Sir, none, but we poor villagers, and we were all his

friends, for he was ours, and may God rest his soul! He came here last autumn, ill and melancholy;—he lived in a small house just above the olive-wood to your right, and there he died, Ave Maria! beloved and regretted by the whole village. After he had been here a little while, he seemed to recover gradually from his sorrow; went often into the city, and sometimes brought back a friend with him, but at times he was still very unhappy. He had taken my little boy here under his care, and was teaching him to write and speak English; but the child used to say, that he had often seen him praying, as if in great pain. But after a letter, which, as his servant told me since, he received from his country, he never went into the city again, and seemed to be quite indifferent to every thing. From that time, Sir, he gradually wasted, but always spoke kindly to all around him, and made many a heart happy by his assistance and advice. He used to wander out

to a rock just below the hermitage you might have seen yonder, and sit there for hours looking over the sea; and one night his servant became alarmed at his not returning, and went to seek him. He found him seated at the foot of a fig-tree, resting against its trunk. The servant remonstrated with him on his exposing himself so to the night air. His master answered not; alas! Sir, he could not,—he was dead! His prayer-book was firmly clasped in his hands; by his side was a roll of papers; and his face was as smiling and tranquil as it used to be when he visited our cottages. In his will, which was found in his chamber, he bequeathed the money he had, among us peasants, and earnestly begged that his prayer-book might be buried as it was found—in his hands. I looked into the book, Sir, and in the blank leaf was the portrait of a young lady, with the mildest and loveliest of faces; and I thought that

if the poor gentleman had lost the beautiful lady by death or disappointment, no wonder he was so sad. His wishes were all fulfilled; and the roll of papers is in my possession." I felt an inclination, at the moment, to ask him for them; but reflecting that, our acquaintance being but short, he might be unwilling to give them up, I resolved upon repeating my visit to St. Joseph; and hoped, after a short time, to obtain them. I then retraced my steps to the city, musing upon the melancholy fate of my countryman. Before I left Marseilles, I went out again several times to St. Joseph, and visited the young man's grave; it was kept in neat order, and covered with fresh vine-leaves and flowers. This was my friend the *vigneron's* doing; and I then saw his little boy come to throw fresh flowers upon the grave. I carried with me various things from the city that might make me welcome at the *vigneron's* cottage, and became soon upon intimate terms with the family.

One day the conversation happened to turn upon the melancholy event to which I had been witness, and I took occasion to express a desire to see the papers. The *vigneron* immediately went up stairs, brought down a considerable bundle, apparently in great confusion, and presented them to me, saying, "You are his countryman, Sir, and can make more use of them than I can. I could not bear to destroy them, and yet the sight of them makes me sad. Take them, and if the poor gentleman has been telling his life in them, I dare say they will be worth your while to read." I received the papers, and, being anxious to examine them, soon returned home. They were written in a very illegible hand, much mutilated and blotted. I succeeded, however, with great difficulty, in putting them into some kind of order, and for convenience sake divided the successive portions into chapters: the examination of them having induced me to think that they would interest others as well as

myself. I quitted Marseilles, taking a kind leave of my friend the *vigneron*, and remained upon the Continent till very lately.

I now, therefore, submit these papers to the public; and making use of the old adage, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, I shall beg them to understand the proverb in a sense that will be felt by many persons,—that the dead leave nothing but what is good.

JOURNAL.

"It is night: I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms: the wind is heard in the mountain, the torrent pours down the rock; no hut receives me from the rain,—forlorn on the hill of winds."—*Ossian.*

CHAPTER I.

Oct. 27, 1821.

AGAIN am I returned to these well-known scenes, but, alas! they are not the same to me that they once were: then I had hope and health, and now both are nearly passed away. Why am I come here? and what can change of place do for me? And yet these soft breezes and green olive woods breathe more peace to my

wounded spirit, than the choking fogs and frosts of England.

England! thou art my country, but thou hast nought for me but green fields and trees and strange faces. Thy waters may sparkle, but not for me; thy bright shores may welcome back the traveller, but not me,—for I have no home. I cannot look along a path and say, That leads to my fire-side, and there dwell those that love me dearly. Alas! no. The bark that bore me away, carried with it no prayer for my final return, and the winds that whistled amongst its sails made no heart quail at the thought of my peril. I am alone, an outcast, an exile; and should I talk of hope and joy, which cannot be for him that has none to share them!

Oct. 28th.—I walked into the city today. The tumult and activity which reign there, have only increased my depression. I arrived just as they were launching a frigate.

The launch was a noble sight; but the harbour is so unfit for vessels of this large description that they were unable to stop her when in the water, and she rushed across with headlong rapidity, upsetting whatever was in her way; making the surrounding vessels rock as in a tempest. One man, a waterman, lost his life amidst the waving of hundreds of flags—the shouting of thousands of voices:—his cry, too, rose up, but it was short, and soon past. Thus it is, while the multitude are rejoicing and happy, there are some who are pining unmarked in misery and anguish.

The yellow fever is at Barcelona. Apprehensions are entertained of its communicating itself to this place. Several vessels at the Islands are infected, and the fever is in the Lazaretto. God forbid and avert such a calamity from this city! it has already suffered enough from a like visitation. The precautions are increasing on every side, and all communication forbidden

with the coast of Spain under pain of death. But the infection may be introduced by smugglers,—horrible idea!

As I was returning home, I overtook a peasant driving some mules laden with chesnuts, which he had been buying at the market. The peasants make great use of this fruit in winter, roasting it, and eating it as bread. As we ascended the long road called the Vista, an interesting scene presented itself. A vast heap of dark clouds were piled up over the sea, and the sun was just setting behind them;—as it rested for an instant upon their edge, one might have compared it to an immense flaming beacon kindled upon the gloomy Pyrenees, (in the direction of which the sun was sinking,) and warning the homeward-bound vessel from the pestilential shore. The road was crowded with peasants, and their mules were straggling along in strange confusion. The man whom I have just mentioned, and who was at some distance behind the rest, wished me a good night, and I entered into conversation with

him. I found his language singularly good, and I almost imagined myself conversing with one of the *jongleurs*, or inferior poets of Provence. We talked of the beauty of the evening and the richness of the view; "Look," said he to me, pointing to the dark wood of pines, which extended to the rocks near us, and which, mixed with the laurels, seemed green as summer woods, "*Ecco la più bella roba di natura.*" And when I talked to him of his labour and his vineyard, for I found that he was the proprietor of one, he told me that he was always stirring *prima che il sole sorta di letto.* We continued our route together, and he conducted me by another road home, which wound among rocks covered with pines and wild herbs, upon one of which was placed a hermitage. As we passed on, we occasionally caught a glimpse, over the trees, of the sea flashing like lightning. The night closed upon us as we reached St. Joseph; and quitting the peasant, I retreated to my solitude and my reflections.

* * *

Eleven o'clock; the night is lovely; the bright stars are shining upon the dark world beneath, and bidding us hope for a fair morrow.

> "Who ever gazed upon them shining
> Nor turn'd to earth without repining?"

Whenever I look upon them I feel myself better and happier. They are, perhaps, the habitations of those blessed spirits who have passed through the fire of temptation untainted and unscorched, and who are permitted to offer up their intercession for their weak and sinful kindred upon earth. * * *

The city clocks are striking the hour of midnight. That city, which was so lately filled with tumult and pleasure, and resounded with the hasty tread of business, is now still and slumbering, while I am restless and sleepless; the deep voices of those bells alone, tell that man's habitation is there, and that while he sleeps time wakes. And hark! there is the distant mur-

muring of the guards, who are stationed to protect us from infection. If those men too slept, that city which now rests in peace and health, might ere long be filled with delirium and despair. But there is One that sleepeth not, and whose eye doth not cease its watching.

* * *

The light morning breeze is whispering among the pines; and those beautiful lines of Tasso, in which he describes Rinaldo lamenting over the errors of his past life, rise to my recollection.

"Così pensando, alle più eccelse cime
Ascese; e quivi inchino e riverente
Alzò il pensier sovra ogni ciel sublime,
E le luci fissò nell' oriente:
La prima vita e le mie colpe prime
Mira con occhio di pietà clemente,
Padre e Signor; e in me tua grazia piovi,
Sicchè 'l mio vecchio Adam purghi e rinnovi.

"Così pregava: e gli sorgeva a fronte,
Fatta già d' auro, la vermiglia aurora,
Che l'elmo e l'arme, e intorno a lui del monte
Le verdi cime illuminando indora

E ventilar nel petto e nella fronte
Sentia gli spirti di piacevol ora,
Che sovra il capo suo scotea dal grembo
Della bell' Alba un rugiadoso nembo."

The day begins to dawn; ambition, hope, and pleasure will soon be awake and in motion. The busy hum of the city will overpower the low dashing of the waves, and the dreams and thoughts of the night will be forgotten by noon. The East begins to glow, the stars grow fainter, man begins to be afoot; I hear the distant bells of the mules, the morning gun is fired, the chain is raised, the fishermen are crowding out of the harbour, the peasants are in their fields. The sun is rising above that bare point of rock that looks as if it would intercept its light;—now it looks out upon the plain, and throws a roseate glow over the thin mists which are spread round the mountains like a veil,—the plain looks like a white and restless sea. And canst thou not impart warmth to me, bright light?

thou givest life and strength and promise to the vine, the olive, and the springing flower; and must the morning ever find me sleepless, cold at heart, and unrefreshed by the dew of hope?

29th. When I returned to my house this morning, I found my friend, the peasant, with whom I had walked back yesterday. He had come to enquire for me, and had brought me some fine fruit, which he begged I would accept. His kindness touched me to the heart, as indeed all kindness does now, for I need it. He told me that the vintage fête was to take place shortly, and begged that I would honour it with my attendance. "We are but poor and ignorant," said he, "but we know how to be kind as well as the fine Parisians; and though some think us brutal, and though our southern blood may be hot and hasty, yet we can give a stranger the warmer welcome." I promised to go to the fête, and he went away.

CHAPTER II.

I PROPOSE walking this morning to the hermitage, which is in view of my house. The hermit, I am told, was once well known in Marseilles, but has long dwelt in his rocky retreat. * * *

* * *

Evening, ten o'clock, I am just returned from the hermitage. The path to it creeps among the wild and wooded cliffs, and, gradually ascending, loses itself in a thick wood of pines and laurel, till it reaches the foot of the crag on which the hermit lives. His habitation is hollowed out of the rock, in which are cut some holes to give light and air. I looked up, and saw two peasants kneeling at the entrance. The hermit was within, praying before a crucifix; and some

rabbits were playing among the wild herbs which grew around. The spot he has chosen for his retirement is admirably calculated for such a purpose. No one would toil and labour up the steep ascent, but the contemplative and pious; and he has no neighbours but wild birds and animals. The fig, the olive, and almond trees shade him from the sun; and mountain thyme, rosemary, and lavender are the flowers of his garden. From the top of the rock he may behold that city, whose cares cannot reach him, and may look down with pity upon those pomps and vanities which he has utterly renounced.

I waited till they had risen, and then proceeded to ascend the rock. Having arrived at the door of the cell, I took off my hat and saluted the hermit, who crossed himself as he returned my salutation, and invited me to enter, which I did. The interior was rude and bare; a small crucifix, a table, a few chairs,

and a low bed of straw, forming all its furniture. On the table stood a basket filled with fruit, and beside it a loaf of brown bread. "You are just come in time to partake of my breakfast, Sir," said the old man to me: "these good people never neglect me, be the sun ever so hot, or the tempest ever so loud. God has filled their hearts with the best of riches, charity and kindness." "My father," said the male peasant, who was the husband of the other, "if it had not been for you, we should now be poor and miserable; my dear Annette might be a beggar, and I still a slave at Algiers." His wife shuddered, and burst into tears. "Enough! enough of this, my children," said the hermit, "I have but done what the good God commands all to do—to succour the afflicted; and if I have preserved a fellow creature from captivity, I was but the instrument of a higher power. Go in peace, my blessing go with you! and don't forget to pray daily as I have directed you." The peasants kissed the

good man's hands, and silently descended the rock. A pause of some moments ensued, which was broken by the hermit's saying, "Come, Sir, you have had a long walk, some of this ripe fruit will restore you, for you do not seem able to bear much fatigue." "Father," said I, "I have borne and suffered much, and my mind and body are weakened and shaken, but I may now perhaps enjoy some peace. The tranquillity and beauty of this place may soothe my restless thoughts." "Alas! my son," said the old man, "have you too then, so soon, and so young, acquired the experience of sorrow? Would that I could take your griefs upon myself!—for I am old, and ready to drop away, and I know what tears are. But God's will be done! sorrow is often the means of weaning the heart from many a vice and vanity, and of making the sufferer fit for a more peaceful and kinder world. Some day I will tell you of myself—of my disappointments and afflictions, but not now. You are weak and

depressed. Cheer up, my son; eat, and be comforted. You cannot yet have been very guilty; and if your grief be that of disappointed and withered feelings, and your tears those only of a broken and affectionate heart, reflect that soon they will be all wiped away, and pray for those who may have injured you." "Father," said I, "my sorrows have been indeed early, but not less bitter. Blinded by youthful and mistaken notions, I turned a deaf ear to the voice of experience; but I am punished: and experience has revenged herself upon my neglect, by prematurely overshadowing my youth. I sought for unreal and visionary happiness, and I am now for ever deprived of all true comfort in this life. Pardon me, pardon me, my good father; but your words have awakened thoughts which turn my blood to fire; which gnaw me for ever, and which must wear me out. I strove hard to forget them. I am come here to other sights and other scenes, and the hope of pass-

ing the rest of my life, at least, in some tranquillity; but the recollection of those things that have driven me from my country is yet too recent." The good hermit insisted upon my tasting his fruit; and going out, returned with some clear water, from a spring which ran murmuring down the side of the rock.

If I could ever know peace again, it would be in a spot like that; and I have not for a long time felt so calm as I did when seated at the hermit's table, and sharing his simple meal. Indeed the tranquil and calm life that I lead here, the warmth and beauty of the climate, and the absence of things and persons which were perpetually bringing bitter thoughts to my mind, have begun to soothe and lull my agony; and the remembrance of other days may, perhaps, be hushed to temporary sleep.

The sea, which we saw from the cell, was sprinkled with vessels, whose white sails were swelling in the breeze, and wafting them to

their destined port. Perhaps, some were going to England—to that land which contains so many blessings, though none for me. Perhaps some one on their decks belonged to that dear spot where for a few days I forgot my fate. Perhaps he might see, might speak to that being whose name is ever mingled with my prayers. I was roused from these reflections by the old man, who said, "Look out, Sir, and see what a glorious day! let us be grateful for it, and enjoy it. There are many sweet paths around my cell; let us go forth." We rose, and quitting the cell, descended the rock by the opposite side to that by which I had ascended. When we had gone some way down, and had entered the wood, we came suddenly upon a small stone edifice, that looked like a chapel; it was enclosed by a railing, and surrounded by a small garden, containing fresh plants and flowers. The building was of white marble, quite plain, and crowned by a cross; under which was an inscription in Latin, taken from the well-known hymn.

"Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum."

The hermit knelt down before the tomb, for such, from the inscription, I now concluded it to be, and continued in earnest prayer for some minutes. I also knelt, as a tomb could be no indifferent object to me. As we rose up, the old man slowly shook his head, and crossed himself; and taking hold of my arm, we continued our walk through the wood. "Some day," said he, "I will explain to you what you have seen, but you are not now in a state of mind to listen calmly, and derive the profit from my story I wish. Let us walk to the next village, of St. Cannat. It is now the hour when the peasants are reposing from labour, and refreshing themselves;"—and as the hermit was speaking, the village church bell tolled the Angelus.* "You

* This is the name given to a bell which is tolled

can see the church through the trees," said the hermit; "it is there we are going: and hark, there is some festival, for I hear singing and music." We presently emerged from the wood, and the village of St. Cannat lay straight before us, at a short distance, amidst a rich plain of vineyard. Several peasants seeing us approach, ran to meet us, and seemed delighted in welcoming the good old man. "Good day, good day, my children," said he, "I have brought this young stranger with me to share in your rejoicing, for we heard the sounds of gaiety as we came through the wood." "Yes, father," said a young female peasant, "my dearest brother that we all thought lost and drowned in the sea, came home last night, and we are all so delighted—are we not, Claire?" turning to a

every day at twelve, and during the tolling of which, in the more religious provinces, many of the peasants cross themselves, and repeat their Ave and their Pater.

pretty young creature who was standing near her. Claire blushed, and shrunk back among the other peasants, who smiled and exchanged significant glances. We all proceeded to the village, which we found in complete confusion. The young man whose return had caused all this joy, was leading his mother, who was quite blind, along the narrow street which ran up to a rising ground planted with walnut-trees. When they had reached it, he placed her carefully in a chair, but did not quit her side. She still kept his hand firmly clasped in her own, and seemed determined that the waves should not recover their rescued prey. The rest of the village were all assembled on the same spot, and the hermit going up to the old woman asked her how she did? "Well, very well, father, God be praised!" said she; "it is long since I have felt so happy as I am now. And yet my heart is not easy. Look at my brave dutiful boy; alas! I cannot.—Tell me, good

father, is he not thinner and wanner than he was? They tell me that he is the same, and he chides me for not believing them; but somehow or other a mother's heart—ay, even a blind mother's heart, can never be deceived, and I am sure he has suffered and wasted. Tell me, father, is it not so?" It was indeed. The poor young man seemed only returned to his native vineyards to die among them; and the mother's heart spoke too truly. The good old hermit endeavoured to tranquillize her; and the other peasants had been so delighted and surprised at his unexpected return, that they had not been struck by his wasted appearance. But Claire, I think, had, though she would not perhaps confess it to herself; and the old peasant hearing her voice, called her and bade her sit by her side. "My dear little Claire," said she, "did they say true when they told me that you never smiled after you heard of Auguste's death? or have you quite forgotten my poor

boy?" "Oh! my good mother," said Claire, blushing and glancing from under her large hat at Auguste, who stood leaning on his mother's chair; "you make me smile *now*, and you are making Auguste smile too;—but yet," said she to herself in a low tone, "that smile is not what it used to be; he certainly is thinner and paler than he used to be;—but no! he is only fatigued.—Come, dear mother, let me take care of you, and Auguste will go and entertain our friend the hermit, and the stranger he has brought with him." "Go, Auguste," said his mother, "bring out some of our best wine; pretty Claire will stay by her mother and yours." The two lovers exchanged glances, and such glances that they made my own heart throb with bitter recollections. The young man invited us to sit down at a large table which was spread under the trees and covered with fruit and pitchers of wine. But his thoughts were not with us: they went with his

eyes, which were every moment cast towards his mother and her companion. Claire too appeared to regard the table rather oftener than necessity required. But when I looked again at the young man, my heart bled, to think that his hopes would never be realized. Death was written in his features, and it was a strong instance of the intoxication of joy that none of the other peasants seemed to perceive it; nay, perhaps he himself knew it not, and was forming sweet projects of bliss and comfort.

In the mean time the party began to give evident proof that wine gladdens the heart. They proposed a song—one of them, who seemed to be considered the Orpheus of the village, struck up some rude couplets, of which the following may give an idea:—

"Let Burgundy * boast of her far-famed vine
That round Chambertin's trellices clings;

* The favourite wine of Louis XIV. and Buonaparte.

But while we can make and then drink our own wine,
A fig for the liquor of Kings!
Then drink, boys, a toast—May the vine of Provence
For ever be fruitful and green,
Vive le roi, vive la gloire, vive l'amour, et la France,
And Marseilles of all cities the queen!"

A shout of applause followed this exhibition of vocal talent, and the hermit took the opportunity of rising and proposing to me to depart. "Be temperate," said he to them, "and God will crown your labours; but turn not the plentiful blessings he bestows to a vile use." His words had an instantaneous effect upon the peasants, who proposed accompanying us. We wished the old mother good night, and the whole party broke up, Claire and Auguste each leading their charge back to the cottage. Happy Auguste! happy even in death; for thou wilt die in the arms of love and affection, while I * * *

I took leave of the hermit at his cell, and promised to visit him shortly.

CHAPTER III.

My servant has just brought me a letter from England: I have almost ceased to wish for any; they cannot change or lighten my fate; and may increase its bitterness, by telling me of things which awaken thoughts that I now try to banish. Matters are in the same state, and my name seems to be forgotten except by the person who writes. Be it so. I have forgotten England, and all its pleasures, for it had none for me; and why should it waste a thought on me? Nay; that being whose eyes, like those of a picture, seem ever looking upon me—she too has probably utterly forgotten me. That idea is, indeed, bitter. My God! what a mysterious and unaccountable fate is mine! How have I already suffered! and what wild and

desperate thoughts have at times taken possession of my mind! But now I begin to feel calmer, and to interest myself at least for a time in other things and thoughts.

* * *

Midnight. I have been reading a melancholy history, ending fatally and darkly.

* * *

I am now somewhat calmer. This journal too affords me distraction and amusement, and the bright and shining seas before me communicate some of their peacefulness to my mind.

* * *

30th. The weather seems about to change, the clouds portend rain, and I shall be a prisoner. I cannot always read; my mind is too restless: besides, books can tell me nothing that I wish to know. Nature is now my only study.

* * *

The vigneron's little boy has just been here, with some fruit for me. He is a lively little fel-

low; he called me "*mi lord Moussou Inglise.*" I asked him if he liked fruit himself; he did not much care for it, was his reply; he had rather have a little English book. I asked him what book he meant, and why English; and he told me that an English family had lived in the chateau below the wood, and that he used to go there to play with a little boy about his own age, who had a great many pretty books, and one which was about a little boy that became a great lord, and rode in a beautiful carriage. And then he ran on telling me all the good things he used to eat at the chateau; and I found the English cakes and pies had quite gained his heart. "And did you learn any English there, my fine fellow?" said I. "A little, a very little, *mi lord Moussou.*" "And would you like to learn to write and speak it well?" said I. "Oh that I should," said the little rogue, "for then I could go to the city and be a clerk and write at a high desk in a large book." His

earnest artless manner pleased and interested me; and I catch at any thing that will excite and impel my feelings into other channels. I told him, if he would come to me in the afternoon, I would try to teach him. At this he thanked me, and, running hastily down the hill, fancied himself, no doubt, already writing at the high desk in the large book. Such is ambition: change but a few circumstances, and this boy might be a future hero or statesman.

"Some mute inglorious Hampden," &c.

* * *

The rain begins to fall, the wind is rising, a dark cloud hangs over the sea, which is no longer blue and smiling as yesterday; a thick mist has shrouded the mountains, and hidden the cross. * * *

Two o'clock. The rain pours down now in torrents along the hollow path which leads down the hill; the stream which flows at the foot, is

black and swollen, and threatens to burst its banks. * * *

It has burst them: the rain rushes down with increased violence, hurrying every thing away with it, as it pours down the ravine. Surely,——but no;——yes, I was not mistaken,—God speed me! * * *

I have been returning thanks to God for having made me the instrument of saving the life of a fellow creature. When I broke off my journal so abruptly, the whole road down from my house, a species of deep, hollow, rocky ravine, was nothing but a black torrent, which, rushing into the stream beneath, had swollen it and formed an irresistible mass of water. On a small spot of ground, which had been isolated by the overflowing of the stream, and was completely cut off from the rest of the valley, or glen, I thought I perceived a human figure. I was not mistaken: it made signs for help. There was no time to be lost:

the waters might increase, and the unaided wretch perish! I rushed out, and having, as well as I could, by a circuitous path, reached the brink of the torrent, I saw on the other side my poor little pupil wringing his hands and calling on his father for assistance. There was no way of reaching him except by leaping over the water: which presented a frightful appearance, for one false step must have been fatal, as its rapidity was such that I must have been hurried along and suffocated. There was, however, a broken fragment of rock that was appearing just above the water, and which seemed by some means or other to have been stopped in its descent. It was sufficiently broad to afford a resting-place, and to break the leap; but it might be in such a position in the water as to require only my slight weight to destroy its equilibrium, and send it headlong down the torrent. There was, however, a chance; and without farther hesitation I leaped across the

black abyss. I could feel the rock totter as I lighted upon it; and I had just time to leap to the other side, when, as I had feared, it sunk beneath the water, and was probably hurried off. The poor little fellow clung to me, and seemed to think himself saved; but, alas! how were we to return! Another of the streams had burst its bank; I could hear it coming roaring and rushing on behind us. Just at that moment the father and some peasants appeared on the opposite side. They had been in search of the boy, and came furnished with ropes in case he should have been in any dangerous situation. There was, luckily, a large tree close to the torrent, to which I fastened one end of the rope; which the peasant, after two or three ineffectual attempts, threw me. Then fastening the boy by another rope round my body, I gradually, and with great difficulty, slid across; and we reached the other side in safety, while the spot we had just quitted was

instantly covered by a large body of water. The scene that ensued I cannot describe. The child ran alternately from me to his father, embracing us both; while the father, kneeling down, with tears in his eyes and pale as death, thanked God for his child's life. Then coming to me, he kissed my hands, hoped that God would bless me, and give me all I could wish for. Poor man! had he known the pang he caused me then:—All that I wish for!—O Heaven! thou knowest what I *have* wished and prayed for, till all hope and desire to wish were passed. All that I wish for!—these words have waked many a slumbering thought. Gentlest, fairest of beings, what have my sinful wishes not been! I loved thee, though I dared not tell thee so; yet I lived in a visionary atmosphere of hope, brighter and purer than the foul and dark reality. But the winter of my fate has clouded over that fair sky; and though thy remembrance still clings to my heart, I am now

hopeless and forsaken. I could have loved thee as woman would be loved; I could have enjoyed the world and all its pleasures with thee; for I am no misanthrope. I scorn not the joys of others. I despise not the pursuits and occupations of the happy: I do not rail at Providence, and complain that the world is full of misery and uncomfortableness: no! To those whom experience hath taught wisdom when not too late,—to those who follow the paths of pleasure and ambition with moderation and honour, and who have never met with any thing to make life utterly blank and tasteless—the world presents innumerable objects of healthy and virtuous exercise. But it is for blighted useless hearts like mine, that the sun has no warmth, and the rain no moisture. Oh! if my fate had changed its course, how happy I might have been! But away with such thoughts; they only lead me back over paths that I have already passed with tears and agony. And yet

the reflection that I have just saved a whole family from agony is sweet and refreshing to me. Since I cannot find happiness for myself, let me endeavour to make others so. Let me look around; perhaps I may yet derive some interest from the various scenes that are passing near me. * * *

Five o'clock. The rain has ceased. The damage it has done is, I fear, great. But the sky is brightening up, the sea begins to sparkle, the curtain is thrown aside from the mountains. The sun is just breaking through that mist which hung round the hermitage, gilding the cross. I will walk down to the vigneron's cottage, and inquire about my little pupil.

* * *

The evening has turned out delicious. The rain, which was so nearly bringing death to two persons, has softened the air. The wild herbs send forth a richer and fresher perfume, and the wood looks green and rejoicing.

* * *

I found the vigneron's family assembled at supper, consisting of his mother, an old woman near eighty, himself, his wife, the little boy, and a girl about nineteen with black sparkling eyes. The grandmother was seated near the open window, around which clung a luxuriant vine. The setting sun shone full into the cottage, across the old woman, shewing the deep furrows of her aged face more distinctly. The rest of the family immediately surrounded me, and invited me to partake of their supper, which I declined. The vigneron told me that the fête was to take place on the next day but one, and entreated me not to forget my promise; and the little boy exclaimed that he had rather lie a-bed all day and not see the fête, if I was not there, for it would be no fête. I kissed the little fellow, and wishing them good night, continued my walk.

* * *

The rain has made great ravages among the vineyards. Many of the vines are completely

washed away, and almost all are drooping and mingled together in wild confusion. The fruit so lately ready to furnish its sweet juice, is now nothing but a crushed and watery skin; and instead of rich ruby clusters, nothing is to be seen but broken poles and scattered sticks and stones, and black water. The peasants, to whom a considerable part of the vineyards belong, were all there, looking with anguish on the disappointment of their hopes. They attempted not to clear away the ruin: it was useless, nothing could be done—their vines, at least, were destroyed. But this, fortunately, was only a small part of the vineyards, and which had happened to be just in the direction of the torrent; for higher up, and far away to the right, the prospect was still promising. One of the peasants seeing me looking on the scene before me with sorrow, came up to me, and said, "This is a sad spectacle, Sir; and some of our poor neigh-

bours must be content with scanty food for a long time. The poor old widow, too, what will she do? she has none to comfort or labour for her now, for her unfortunate son cannot." "What widow? what son?" said I. "Why, Sir, it is a sad story, and if you will do me the honour of going with me to my cottage, and tasting my wine, I will tell you all about it." Not caring to return home, or wander farther, I accepted his proposal.

We reached the cottage; his wife, as the evening was cold, threw some olive and almond wood on the hearth, and we drew round the fire. The wife took up her knitting; a little girl, their child, placed herself in the chimney, within a small nook, and began to torment a cat which had established itself in the same post; while the peasant, having drunk to my health, commenced his story. He did not give it, however, precisely in the following words, as his narrative was unconnected and broken in upon by various reflections of his own.

CHAPTER IV.

Some years ago, and before the peace, the population of a sea-port town and the country round, were hurrying to the principal *place*, to a sight which had not been seen there since the days of Robespierre. In the middle of the *place* rose up a scaffolding, upon which was placed the instrument of modern French punishment. Round it stood a numerous party of gensdarmes, both horse and foot; and others were moving about among the immense crowd which was collected, and endeavouring to preserve order, and to keep them back from pressing towards the scaffolding. Various were the conversations which took place among the

persons who were thus assembled, and numerous the reflections which were made on the object of their meeting. But they all seemed grave, and impressed with the ominous appearance of the scaffolding.

An increasing anxiety of countenance, and a confused murmur, which now arose, gave notice that the unfortunate person for whom these preparations had been made, was approaching. Preceded by half a dozen gensdarmes, and supported on either side by two of the sisters of charity, walked a young woman, apparently not more than nineteen; pale as the white hoods of the sisters, and seeming to take no note of all that was passing round her. The procession was flanked by gensdarmes, who cleared the way up to the scaffolding. When they arrived at the foot of the steps leading up to it, the sisters whispered something into the young woman's ear, who started and

looked up. She could not grow paler, but the expression of her face became that of the utmost terror—passive and powerless. She kept her eyes fixed on the fatal instrument while she was ascending the steps, and seemed to be perfectly unconscious that she was moving at all. The sisters who had supported her, now knelt down with her before the priest, who held up to them a small white crucifix, which he put to the unhappy girl's lips. Still she appeared almost insensible, and evidently could not have risen without the aid of the sisters, who now proceeded to uncover her neck. The change which at this instant took place in the features of the young woman was remarkable; she clasped her hands over her neck, apparently for the purpose of preserving a black riband which was tied round it; and her eyes flashed fire and resistance upon those who were near her. The executioner approached, and was

proceeding to remove her hands by force, when she darted to the other side of the scaffolding, and uttered one of the most appalling shrieks which ever came from the lips of the agonized or dying. The air was as still as midnight—not a breath was stirring—not a voice heard. The sun was darting his hottest beams upon the multitude; and the sky was as blue as the sea, which appeared through the end of the street leading down from the *place*. The effect of the poor creature's shriek was withering: it resounded over the *place*, and echoed through the adjoining street, like the cry of some spirit lamenting over the desolation of a ruined city. Some sailors, who were just loosening a vessel from the quay, which was about to proceed upon her voyage, dropped the ropes, and hastily ejaculated a *Paternoster;* while the horse of a gensdarme, who was stationed just outside the crowd, and at the top of the street, plunged and started off with his powerless rider, carrying him di-

rectly down towards the port. The immense crowd at one and the same moment crossed themselves, and some even dropped upon their knees. In the mean time, the officer on duty near the scaffolding, gave orders that no farther violence should be used for divesting the criminal of her attire, and that the execution should instantly take place. The executioner accordingly secured his victim, and hurried her to the guillotine. In a moment, the quivering head disappeared, but the hands still remained clasped in the same position as before. There was a deep pause; when, suddenly, an indistinct sound arose in another quarter of the town, and presently a horse was heard (so still were the spectators) clattering with the most furious speed towards the *place*. Not above five minutes had elapsed since the fatal axe had descended, when a horseman, scarcely able to retain his seat, pale as death, bareheaded, and his face covered with sweat and dust, rode

in among the crowd. His eyes were wildly directed towards the scaffolding, he held up in his hand a sealed packet, and the word 'pardon' passed from mouth to mouth among the crowd, who all made way for him. He still seemed to be ignorant that all was over, for he ceased not to shout as loud as his fatigue and hoarseness would allow him, "Stop! for the living God's sake, stop!" But when he reached the scaffolding, the whole truth seemed to burst in upon him. The executioner was just removing the headless trunk, and the sisters and priest had approached for the purpose of receiving and burying it. The rider fell instantly from his saddle, the packet escaped from his grasp, and the crowd rushed ungovernably towards the spot. The gensdarmes raised the unfortunate man up; one of them took possession of the packet, and they moved off to the Prefecture, followed by an immense number of persons. When they arrived at that building,

the gensdarmes carried their still insensible charge in, and the gates were immediately closed against the multitude. He had, however, been recognised by several persons, who informed the rest that he was the brother of the poor girl, who had been to Paris to obtain her pardon. How he had succeeded, and why he had returned too late, was yet to be learned; and it was doubtful if the wretched man himself would ever be able to explain this circumstance. The greatest part of the crowd now began to fall away; a few persons only remained, who were anxious to see him when he came out. They were, however, disappointed; for, after having waited a considerable time, the gates of the Prefecture were opened, some of the gensdarmes came out, and, as they passed, mentioned that the person whom they were expecting, had been taken to the hospital through a door at the other side of the house; as, upon recovering from his insensibility, his behaviour had been so outrageous

as to render it improper for him to be conveyed through the public streets. The disappointed people retired; but the events of that melancholy day, and the circumstances which had preceded them, long continued to be the subject of conversation in the town, and were as follows.

About two years before the time at which the execution described took place, a regiment of the Imperial guards had been stationed at Marseilles. They had come by sea from Spain, and were expecting shortly to join the army that was then in Saxony. The officers were most of them young men of noble families; as it was Bonaparte's policy, during the latter part of his reign, to collect around him as much of the old aristocracy of the country as he could. One of them, Eugene de Beaumont, was a young man of an illustrious family of Picardy, and had already distinguished himself by his humanity and presence of mind during the retreat from Russia. But he was unfortunately of the true

modern French school, with no fixed principles of religion, doubtful of futurity, and a scoffer at priests and all the ceremonies of the church. In a city like Marseilles, where the utmost libertinism and licentiousness prevails, he was not likely to acquire better thoughts or habits; and, consequently, plunged into every dissipation which personal appearance, family, and fortune, could expose him to. But he soon became disgusted with the sameness and the coarseness of the vice by which he was surrounded; and, like the palled epicure, sought for novelty and untasted pleasures. While he was in this discontented state of mind, he happened to wander one day towards the *cours* or promenade, which leads down from the gate of Aix to the opposite one of Rome. The day was intensely hot, and the shade of the trees, and the perfume of the flowers which the peasants were offering for sale, lulled him into calmness and a softer mood. He sat down upon a bench which was placed near a

large basket of violets and carnations, and contemplated the scene before him. On either side of the *cours* sat several women raised upon tables; and before them were baskets of beautiful flowers, arranged in various tasteful groups. The orange blossom, the tuberose, and the narcissus, were mixed together in sweet alliance; while here and there a carnation, or fresh rose, threw a glow over the bouquet. Each female had a large parasol fastened behind her chair, which extended itself over the table, looking like a canopy; and upon the ground were placed, all around, boxes containing rose-bushes, lemon and orange-trees. Besides the flowers, there was a great quantity of rich fruits piled up on the tables, and seeming to defy the heat and feverish influence of the sun. There were the apples of Genoa, the oranges of Hyeres, and the Golden Islands; the pomegranates and figs of Gascony, and the plums of Touraine. At some distance from the bench upon which

Eugene was seated, stood a Charlatan with a credulous and admiring crowd around him, half quack half conjuror, displaying his magic art with one hand, and sovereign remedies with the other. A little farther stood two dark sunburnt girls, with a cloth spread out on the ground before them, on which was placed a small tin box, a lighted wax taper, and several crosses and rosaries. Numerous groups of peasants were scattered up and down, and some were reclining under the trees. On each side of the promenade, the street, with its shops covered with white awnings, might be seen through the trees; and a long train of mules laden with merchandize, and guided by a few of the wild-looking mountaineers, were passing along, and filling the air with the music of their bells.

Eugene had sat some time; and, tempted by the cool and fresh appearance of some pomegranates which were just opposite to

him, had got up to cross the *cours* to purchase some, when his attention was arrested by a group of peasants who were approaching, preceded by a band of music. In advance of the rest, marched one of them, carrying a large loaf, or cake, which was contained within a sort of pavilion adorned with flowers. The rest of the party had all large bouquets in their breasts and hands, and were dressed in their gayest attire; which to the women is particularly becoming. A large black hat, frequently ornamented with ribands or pieces of silver lace, shades the face; a sort of spencer, drawn into plaits behind, and fitting tight round the waist, covers the upper part of the body; and a petticoat of some bright colour, with the same coloured stockings and shoes, completes the costume. The men wear a large white hat, a loose green jacket, trowsers and stockings of the same colour, and yellow shoes. On this occasion, then, they were all dressed in the manner

described: and there was one among them whose dress became her singularly. She was very dark, her raven hair clustered and clung about her forehead like the rich grape, and almost hid her black sparkling eyes. Her figure was slight, and there was an air of superiority, and almost of elegance, in her step. Eugene, whose eye never failed to remark beauty, was struck by her appearance, and partly from curiosity—partly from some motive which he waited not to examine, determined to follow the procession, which advanced towards a church at some distance. When they arrived there, they all proceeded directly up to the altar, where the priest was waiting for them, and which was by the side of the great altar in a small recess. The assistants then took the bread from the peasant, and placed it near the priest, who commenced the mass, which was accompanied at intervals by the organ. Eugene had followed the party closely, and stood leaning against a pillar, looking at

the peasant whose beauty had excited his admiration. The girl seemed intent upon her mass-book; but as the service concluded, in rising, she certainly threw a hasty glance towards the spot where Eugene was standing. This might, however, have been intended for a small painting of a vessel in distress, which hung just above the young officer's head; but it so happened, that the glance fell directly upon Eugene's face, and that their eyes met. The effect of this meeting of eyes needed no explanation, for beauty of form and feature levels every artificial distinction of wealth and rank. These things are too well known, and too often and mournfully proved. The ceremony having concluded, the peasants all quitted the church, followed by Eugene, who had determined not to lose sight of the dark beauty. He watched anxiously to see if she would look back; but he watched in vain; she never once turned her head, but, taking hold of a young man's arm who

was near her, they both walked hastily up towards the gate of the city, and passing through it, struck off to the right, along the white stone walls. Eugene followed at a distance, and after having toiled across the long burning lane for some time, they came out upon a meadow, and following the dry bed of a stream, began to ascend by a narrow road which led through the vineyards. The two peasants had proceeded some way through the vines, when the female, who had quitted her companion's arm, and was something in advance, started back, and shrieked out. Eugene thinking this afforded him an excellent opportunity for speaking to the peasants, and really alarmed, ran up. Directly across the path lay a large snake, quite dead, though but very lately, and looking as if its folds and rings would still coil and cling round the unwary passenger. Eugene and the girl's brother tranquillized her fears, by removing the monster from her sight; and the former began to talk

to them of the procession. They seemed very unwilling to enter into conversation with him, as the military were at that time by no means popular in the south. Eugene, however, was not discouraged, but continued to walk by the side of the female, to the evident displeasure of her brother; but this was no new situation to the young officer; and by his affability and engaging manner, he soon disposed the peasants favourably towards him, and Claude, the brother, at last invited him to go to their cottage and rest himself. This offer he was of course not backward to accept; and having walked some way on, they discovered the house, which was just on the edge of the vineyard, without the smallest shade, while nothing was heard all round but the chirping of innumerable grasshoppers. Behind the house, however, as they came nearer, they discovered a large walnut-tree, extending itself over a small spot of ground, in one corner of which were se-

veral flasks of oil, and in another, one of the singular looking wells used in Provence. An old woman sat knitting under the tree, and singing one of the old romantic ballads of Provence, which may be thus paraphrased.

The good old king René * sat down in the sun,
For his blood was fast cooling—his race nearly run;
And he sat with his nobles and priests on the quay,
And he sigh'd for the youth that was far far away.

"Now tell me, now tell me, ye wardens," he cried,
"Have ye look'd o'er the bright sea so distant and wide?
"Do your standards wave high in the warm breeze of Spain
"That should bear me my son and my heir home again."

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* René was King and Count of Provence, in the 15th century; and there is a part of the quay at Marseilles, where the old king used to sit when the weather was cold, and which is called la Cheminée du Roi René. His son was invited to Spain by the Barcelonese, who wished to have René for their king; and the young prince died there of a contagious fever.

"The warm breeze of Spain is awake on the wave,
"And a vessel speeds hither both lofty and brave;
"Like the sea-bird she skims o'er the billow so fast,
"And the bay's farthest point she hath doubled and past."

"Now haste ye, now haste ye," the good old king said,
"Let my galley be mann'd, with a flag at its head,
"Let the bells ring their welcome, and masses be sung,
"And the city with garlands and branches be hung."

The galley is mann'd with a flag at its head,
And the priests and the nobles, the old king have led,
Down the green slimy steps to his canopied seat,
And the vine leaf and rushes are strew'd at his feet.

The trumpets are sounding, the abbey bells ring,
The people are shouting, and bless the good king;
The cannon are sending their voice o'er the bay,
The rowers are bending—the bark starts away.

"Now tell me, now tell me, my quick little page,
"For my eyes are too dim with my joy and my age;
"Doth your prince on the deck with his nobles now stand?
"Doth he smile at our coming and wave high his hand?"

"A vessel speeds hither, but silent and still
"Is the deck that a bright train of nobles should fill;
"Though the breeze to our rowers its freshness doth bring,
"It bears us no shout for a father and king."

"He hath watch'd for the islands by night and by day,
"And the winds have been hostile, and toilsome the way;
"And he sleeps, while his nobles are all waiting near,
"Nor thinks that his king and his father are here."

"A vessel speeds hither so light and so fast,
"But no streamers are waving above the high mast;
"A vessel speeds hither so swift and so strong,
"But I hear not the mariners' thanksgiving song."

"Now why doth he slumber so fast and so deep?
"Though ye may, his father may not let him sleep;
"Go down to his bed, and tell low in his ear,
"That his king and his old doting father are here."

But the ear cannot listen, the heart cannot beat,
Nor the young and the princely now spring to his feet;
For the hand of contagion hath pass'd o'er his head,
And his sleep hath been long on a funeral bed.

The old woman had continued to sing, without perceiving the approach of her children and Eugene, who stood at some distance, partly concealed from her view by a branch of the tree which hung down before her. As she concluded her song, the female peasant ran up to her, and said, "Dearest mother, how happy I am to find you so cheerful to-day!" "So, so, my girl! you are returned at last from the city, and where is Claude? O! there he is: and who is with him?" said she to her daughter. "A young officer that we met in the vineyard," replied the latter; "and as the sun was so hot, and the city distant, Claude asked him to rest himself in our cottage till the noon be past." Claude and Eugene now advanced, and the latter, addressing the old peasant, expressed himself to have been much pleased at the song they had been listening to. "It was but a melancholy one," she replied, "but I love it, for it makes me young again, and puts me in

mind of the time when I first heard it. Fifty years ago, Sir, I was young and gay as this girl here, and that was the day that I heard my poor beloved husband, God rest him! singing it, when he was driving his mules through yon wood. Well! well! time must pass; many a branch and root hath this old tree put forth since I sat under its shade first." Claude now proceeded to tell his mother about the procession to the church, and his sister Mary's alarm at the snake; at which the old woman raised her hands and eyes, and crossed herself. Eugene and Mary in the mean time were standing a little way off, looking down upon the plain, and towards the city, which might be seen at a distance, with its white walls and long dusty road glaring and glittering in the sun, like a cemetery in a sandy desert. "They told me," said Eugene, "that the Provençal cities were fair and lovely, and that the world could shew few like them. What though their waters be blue,

and their harbours covered with masts; who, except the sailor and the merchant, would dwell in such a furnace as the city now presents? Not a cloud hangs above the flat roofs to refresh the flowers which are withering there, and the hot south wind wafts no freshness through its streets. Nay, the pale sun which gilds the minarets of Moscow, and the keen breath of the Russian blast, is less oppressive than these feverish beams." "Ah! Sir," said Mary, "you should not abuse our country: as for the city, indeed, you are right; I could not dwell there, every one seems so selfish and grasping; but here, among our green vines we are content if Heaven ripens our fruit. We have the mountain breeze too, which plays above our heads among the leaves of this tree, and which never visits the gay promenades in the city, but to choke them with dust." "Ay, here, indeed," said Eugene, "beneath the shade of this tree, I might live and die with some sweet girl of Provence for my companion."

Her face was immediately covered with a deep blush; and at that moment the mother, who had been listening to the numerous greetings and remembrances sent her from the city, came up and invited Eugene to enter the cottage.

Its walls were hung round with pictures of saints; over the chimney was an image of the Virgin holding the infant Jesus in her arms; on each side of the image was a large *bouquet*, which seemed to have stood there some time, and the flowers of which were almost dead.

The party who had entered the cottage, separated, and the two female peasants set out a table, on which they placed some wine, dried grapes, cheese made from sheep's milk, and bread; while Eugene amused himself with a young tame kid, which had shewed great dislike to the stranger at first, but which soon came frisking about him, and ate out of his hand. Soon, however, he became tired of his new acquaintance, and ran to his

mistress, who, Eugene thought, did not caress him the less because he had just been fondled by himself. Be that as it might, he was fairly established in the cottage, and soon also at the table, round which they all drew.

"Our fare is rude and coarse, Sir," said the old peasant, "but a soldier like you, I dare say, is not very nice or difficult. We have nothing but our mountain butter, for our sun is too bright for the dainty milk of the cow. But come, Sir, here is what is well worth that—some of our own wine."—"My good woman," said Eugene, "I have learned to eat whatever is set before me with hospitality and good will; and, surely, such as we have now is not to be despised. I have seen the day, when some of this wine would have saved many a man's life, and have sent him home again to his country."—"I have often heard talk," said Claude, "of the Russian campaign; and to us Provençals the thought of such suffering is dreadful!"—"My blood even now is cold, and my teeth chatter," said Eugene,

"at the remembrance of it. My God! what sights and miseries were there!"—"Why, Mary," exclaimed the old woman, "you eat nothing; the very grapes which our good *curé* blessed—you are giving them to your kid." Mary turned away her face and bent it down to the kid, who was fondling at her feet, and picking the grapes from a bunch which she held in her hand. "Come, my child, eat something; you are fatigued, these walks to the city do thee no good." Mary's face was still bent down to the kid, but she was now obliged to turn round and take something on her plate. Eugene glanced at her, and perceived that her cheeks were glowing; and the idea that he had already excited some interest within her was almost confirmed. "You must have seen many a fine country," said Claude to Eugene. "The lot has never fallen upon me to march, and I don't know that I am sorry for it, for the sake of my mother and Mary here; but I like to hear

of battles and wonderful escapes."—"Alas! my good fellow," said Eugene, "you are quite right in not regretting your peaceful life; had you seen and suffered all that I have, you would be longing for your native vineyards, and never wish to quit them again." "What, Sir, do the officers then suffer as much as their men?" said Claude; "I always thought that they were safer and less exposed, and that it was the poor men that bore all."—"Nonsense, nonsense, my good fellow. Safer! why, I have seen the Emperor himself enveloped in smoke and fire, while the balls were tearing up the ground beneath his horse's feet; and I have seen him bare-headed and without a cloak, which he had thrown over the dead frozen body of one of his aides-de-camp, riding amidst the pelting of the snow. Why, I have been with king Joachim when our lives were at the mercy of the wolf and the Cossack.

"It was one night just as we commenced our

retreat from Moscow, the flames of which threw a glare over the wide and pathless waste. Our men were every moment sinking into the deep holes, which are often the grave and tomb of the unwary traveller. As we advanced, the cold increased, and became so intense, that the blood would scarcely flow in our veins; the snow became hard, and whole troops might be seen stretched out in frightful positions over its glittering surface. In vain did his Majesty and myself, who had the honour of being his aide-de-camp — in vain did we animate and encourage our men; they were heartless and reckless of every thing, and they sunk into that drowsy species of luxury which precedes the sleep that ends in death. Some were sitting down, grinning and shrieking with the delirium caused by hunger, and the agony of some unhealed wound that the wind was searching; while others were kneeling and praying for death, and bidding farewell to their country. Some

Swiss I heard, who had procured brandy, singing their native mountain air; and probably the next morning they were all dead. Large troops of dogs were howling around; and a black swarm of crows was sailing over our heads, and seemed impatient for their prey. The King and myself rode off to look for some shelter and fuel for the men; and after having wandered about for a considerable time, we could perceive coming over the wide *steppe* a dark mass, and we heard a wild cry, which we instantly concluded to come from the Cossacks. But our horses refused to stir, and stood shivering and shaking with cold. As the cry came near, we could distinguish the wild howling of several wolves, which were galloping over the hard snow straight towards us. We instantly quitted our horses, and fled; and we could hear the poor animals groaning and snorting with pain and fear. The wolves appeared to have reached their prey, and to have stopped; but, suddenly, there arose a

frightful uproar—the hungry animals were disputing the booty; and the grinding of their teeth, and the wild madness of their yell, were dreadful to hear. We hurried away, this horrible outcry ringing in our ears; and after some time, but not till we began to feel benumbed, we perceived a light at a distance. We hastened towards it, and found that it came through the small window of a wooden cottage, and we could hear the voice of a female singing within. Our situation was perplexing: should we call out and request admittance into the hut, the person within would probably refuse it us: and if we were to enter by force, we might be surprised by some of the straggling parties of Cossacks, to whom probably the hut belonged. While we stood in this state of suspense, fancying we still heard the yelling of the wolves, the sound of a distant tramping of horses seemed to arise, and presently a loud hurrah echoed along the waste. We could perceive the high caps and

long spears of the Cossacks rapidly advancing, and we heard them laughing as they came on. I understood their dialect sufficiently to be aware that we need not expect much mercy from these savage troopers; and we knew that they had threatened to massacre every officer that they might make prisoner. The party was rapidly approaching; and their mirth and exultation seemed to increase. There was just behind the hut, and in a small court or yard, an outhouse, the door of which was open. Within this we immediately retreated, and endeavoured to conceal ourselves in a large heap of straw which lay piled in one corner. We had scarcely begun to move it, when a Cossack, who was sleeping there, awoke; and, taking us for some of his comrades, said a few words to us. They were his last, for the King instantly stabbed him to the heart, and he rolled over among the stubble without a groan. We buried ourselves in the heap as deeply as we could,

and dragged the dead body with us, that no trace might appear of our being there. We had but just time to do this, and to draw in the head of the corpse, when we heard the Cossacks ride directly up to the door of our concealment, and dismount, calling for their comrade. Not hearing him answer, some of them came in, and appeared surprised at not finding him. But they immediately went out again; and we could perceive from the crackling and smoke which arose, that they were kindling a fire, around which they all, as it seemed, assembled. They talked of their day's work, of the number of heads they had struck off; and seemed to be displaying the booty which they had gained among the frozen bodies of our men. They were all sitting just close to the door of the outhouse, and part of them were in view of our concealment; for while they were all intent upon the examination of their spoil, I ventured to raise my head a little and examine

them. They consisted of, probably, ten or twelve persons. The fire round which they sat was composed of some of the stunted wood, which is to be found at intervals upon the vast *steppes*, and heaps of it lay there covered with snow. The Cossacks with their long beards, and wrapped in large rough cloaks, were sitting and lying down close to the fire, and two or three enormous dogs were devouring the thigh of a horse that had, perhaps, been snatched from the wolves. The flame of the wood had died away, and the burning logs were glowing with a still steady light. On the ground lay a number of rich military jackets, which had, probably, been stripped from the frozen limbs of our comrades. The Cossacks were amusing themselves in examining the various articles which the clothes had contained. One had a watch with its gold chain, seals, and rings, which he was surveying with greedy delight, and which I recognised as having

belonged to one of my dearest friends. Another was turning over the leaves of a mass-book, which was sprinkled with blood, and endeavouring, with horrid grimaces to pronounce some of the prayers in the service for the dead which he had just reached. A third had a small portrait, set round with gold and jewels, which he was tearing from their sockets, while he cast the painted card away, on which were features that had long hung close to some faithful heart, had been pressed to his freezing lips, and whose original was, perhaps, then smiling far away amidst luxury and warmth."

Eugene here paused, and looked round upon the peasants, who were listening with intense curiosity. Mary had her eyes fixed upon the young officer's face, which she immediately cast down in confusion, and began breaking some bread which lay near, into innumerable crumbs and shreds. The old peasant looked at her son, and then at the image of the

Virgin, and seemed to be thanking her saints for preserving him to her. Claude filled a large glass of wine, and drank to king Joachim's health, saying, "I may say, Sir, that his Majesty would have been content to be called plain Joachim all his life could he have been in his warm bed at Paris."—"Ay! you are right, my man," said Eugene; "we should both have been content with a bed of snow, cold and hard as it was, to have been among our own men." "Well," said the mother, "do let us hear how you escaped from these cruel pirates; the Blessed Virgin protected you, or you must have perished."

"As to that," said Eugene, "if the Cossacks had not fallen asleep, I believe the Virgin's protection would have done us little good. But, however, sleep they did; and every thing around was now still, with the exception of the hard breathing of the men, and the occasional snorting and pawing of their horses, which were fastened at some distance. 'Now

then,' whispered I to the King, 'now is the time for us to make an effort to escape. If your Majesty will disengage yourself with as little noise as possible from the straw, we may yet baffle these bloodhounds.' '*Par dieu*," muttered he, 'we are but fools to have brought ourselves into this scrape; what will the Emperor be thinking? If we get out of it safe, I expect to be stamped and frowned at * for the

* Buonaparte was accustomed to treat the tributary sovereigns with great haughtiness; and even his best half, Maria Louisa, seemed to feel sometimes that if she were Empress of France, there was yet an Emperor. On one occasion she had sprained her foot, and when they were walking in the garden at Fontainebleau she stopped to rest herself. Buonaparte, who was out of humour that day, and wished to hurry on, desired she would rise and proceed; and upon her saying that her foot gave her such pain that she could not, Buonaparte, who was not very considerate of pain, exclaimed, "*Allons, allons, Madame, il n'y a personne qui ose desobéir à mes ordres.*"

next week.' This short dialogue passed between us while we were gradually creeping out from our concealment; and we then stole gently to the door. The Cossacks were stretched out among their booty, each with his long spear by his side, and his head resting upon a log of wood; while the deep-red glare of the fire threw a swarthy hue over their ferocious countenances. One of them lay directly across the door; and he had placed his spear in such a position against it, that it was impossible for either of us to pass through without throwing it down. It must, therefore, be removed, and the utmost caution was necessary, as the handle was resting close to his arm. Having, however, a steady hand, a qualification which was of no slight value here, and being nearest the door, I took hold of the lance and softly removed it, drawing it within the door. But whether I or some dream had disturbed the sleeping Cossack, he suddenly raised his arm,

and turned himself over on his side. We stood in the most dreadful suspense for a few instants, expecting every moment that he would start up, and his Majesty had even raised his sword to destroy him, when we heard him draw a long sigh and continue to breathe hard and regularly, without again stirring. We then cautiously stepped over him, and moved through the rest of the sleepers without any of them being disturbed. But when we had passed them and their large dogs, which, probably from the excessive cold, and their voracious supper, slept more soundly than usual, we could perceive another of the Cossacks standing close to the horses, which were fastened along the side of the wall that ran parallel to the house. The night was quite dark, and one of the dense fogs so frequent in Russia, was fast coming on. The Cossack began to walk up and down before the horses, occasionally striking the end of his spear upon the ground and stamping

with his feet as they became numbed by the cold. His Majesty and myself had crouched down behind a large pile of the wood which was scattered about the yard; and there we anxiously watched the motions of the sentinel and the sleepers. The fog, however, now became so thick that the former could not be seen, and the latter could be just distinguished through the red mist that hung round them. Determined to take advantage of the darkness, we cautiously crept out, and along the wall, and presently found ourselves close to the horses. These animals were fastened by rings to the wall, along which ran a set of mangers, and which was covered by a projecting roof. There was a space of twenty yards between them and the Cossack, who kept close to the hut, which sheltered him from the cold. He now suddenly stopped short, and seemed to be listening. We listened too, in hopes that some of our columns might be marching that way—but all was

still, and the Cossack continued his round. I ought to mention that we heard the same female voice singing within the hut; and through an aperture opposite to us we could just discern by the dim light of a lamp which hung down from its roof, a woman sitting by the side of a bed, on which was extended the dead body of one of the same horde.

"The woman was singing in a low melancholy voice, and the sentinel occasionally accompanied her in an under-tone. In the mean time King Joachim and myself were cowering down close to the horses behind another of the large piles of wood which lay near them, and anxiously watching some opportunity to extricate ourselves from our perilous situation. The only way that presented itself was by creeping under the bellies of the horses, which extended beyond the space occupied by the Cossack in his march; while the fog was so thick, that if we could reach the farthest horse unheard, we might

then escape unpursued, and by chance fall in with some of our posts. Accordingly we both passed under the belly of the first horse, and so on till we came to the last. They had all luckily remained perfectly quiet till we came to the last; and he, whether younger or more restive than the rest, or seized with some sudden panic, snorted and struck his hoof upon the steel cuirass of his Majesty, which sent forth a loud clang. The Cossack heard it, rushed towards the horse, but we were on our feet and unhurt. He could just perceive us through the fog, and uttering a loud hurrah, fired a pistol at us. We stayed not, as you may suppose, to return his fire, but hurried off. We could hear the rest of the party in motion, and the deep howling of their dogs, and we gave up ourselves for lost; when, to our great joy, we heard close to us one of our trumpets, and a party of cavalry that had been in search of us, rode up. The officer who commanded them, informed us

that the Emperor was near, and expecting us. But we determined upon having some of the fuel and warm cloaks we had left behind, and immediately returned to the hut. Our friends the Cossacks, however, had heard the trumpet as well as ourselves, and had made the best of their way off; the expiring fire being the only trace left of them. The soldiers were proceeding to break down the hut for fuel, and to turn the poor woman with the body adrift upon the snow; but I prevented them; and his Majesty was pleased to approve of my interference. We then rode off, his Majesty and myself mounting two of the cuirassiers horses, who got up behind two others, and we presently arrived at the Emperor's bivouac; whom we found walking about in great agitation, and taking, as usual, immense quantities of snuff. "How, gentlemen," said he, "where have you been amusing yourselves? *Parbleu*, we have enough to do without being obliged to attend to the duty of our officers." The King explained

to his Majesty the situation in which we had been placed, by endeavouring to do, what we conceived, an essential part of our duty. The Emperor laughed heartily at our danger; but turning suddenly to the band, which on the King's arrival had struck up *Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?* he said sharply, '*Vous feriez mieux de jouer Veillons au salut de l'Empire.*' Thus you see that we had all our share of peril and suffering; but *Vive l'Empereur!* I hope soon to be chasing the Austrian white coats among the Bohemian mountains, and to taste some of their emperor's Hungary wine."

"But," said Mary, blushing slightly, "you must not learn to forget our wine of Provence, though it be not so sweet or so rare as the wines you have been accustomed to, Sir." Eugene exclaimed vehemently, that "he had rather drink that which was before them, than the richest wines that were made from the

grapes of Champagne or Burgundy. I shall learn to make love and fight better after living upon the same fruit that made your old troubadours so gallant," said he. "Say you so, Sir?" said the old peasant, "*par la Sainte Baume*, I warrant you are already good enough at either. A young cavalier like you has not doffed his cap to a lady's balcon in vain." Mary smiled archly as she glanced at Eugene; who seemed, as he returned her look, to be fast putting into practice the virtue of the Provençal wine. Rising suddenly, however, and going up to the wide chimney, he began to pluck some of the flowers from off the *bouquet*, and scatter them about the floor of the cottage. The old woman observed him, and, instantly stretching forth her hands, desired him in an earnest and peremptory tone to desist. "Those flowers," said she, "are our preservers from sickness and misfortune: they were gathered while the dew yet hung upon them last St. John's morning, and

blessed by our holy priest. Mary, gather up those withered leaves, as you would be happy and fortunate. I ask your pardon, Sir, but I am old and must soon leave these children; and I have long known that they who scorn and cast away St. John's blessed flowers, are in danger of being rejected by the good God." Mary gathered up the scattered fragments, and placed them in her bosom; while Eugene exclaimed, that "had he known the flowers were indeed so precious, he would have shuddered at harming them." "Come, come," said Claude, "make yourself easy, Sir; my dear mother has never failed sending us, since we were children, to gather flowers on St. John's morning; and always thinks some mischief must befall us, if those *bouquets* are not in their old place and untouched. But I am sure you meant not to vex or harm us, Sir." Eugene's conscience here whispered something to him, by no means of a satisfactory nature; but he immediately

replied, "Mean it, my good fellow! why, though we cannot boast of our flowers and vines in Picardy, yet we too cherish those we love. My own mother, when I quitted her to join the army, hung round my neck the dry leaves of a rose that had been consecrated by a blessed relique; and I have it now where she placed it. As the young man spoke thus, the tears started into his eyes at the remembrance of his mother; and he turned away, and stooping down stroked the head of the kid which was playing with the tassel of his boot. Mary had stood silent behind her mother's chair, distressed at her abruptness to Eugene, and interested and affected by the genuine emotion which he betrayed. The old peasant, however, had been quite pacified by the mention of the holy rose, and said, "We Provençals are hasty, Sir, for our sun is hot and our blood warm; but our anger is soon past, like our winters; and I trust I have not offended you." "Offended me, my good

mother!" said the officer! "it is I that am the offender—to have caused you all this agitation in return for your kind welcome; there is only one here, I am afraid," patting the kid, "that would receive me again with welcome. But I must be going, the sun is set, and my presence will soon be required at the barracks." "We are friends then," said all the peasants at once, "and we shall see you again." "Good, artless people! Oh! surely," said Eugene, "if you will promise as hearty a reception as I have had to-day. But I must not stay, for I think I hear the *retraite*." In fact, the drums and trumpets of the garrison were sounding that part of military discipline; and as the sound echoed up to the spot on which the cottage stood, it formed a remarkable contrast with the stillness of the vineyards and dark mountains which were spreading above the city. The young officer left the cottage, and hastened his steps down the hill; and as he once turned his

head to look to the spot he had just quitted, he perceived the black hat with its white ribands, hastily drawn within an open window of the cottage. He reached the *cours* just as the last trumpets were sounding. The lamps were all glittering among the trees, the flower-women had their little candles beaming through the plants and nosegays, and the promenade was crowded with gay idlers. But Eugene hastened on to the fort St. Nicholas, where his regiment was quartered, and immediately retreating to his room, shut himself in, and began to reason with himself on the absurdity and wickedness of the feeling the day's adventure had excited within him. For he was no heartless seducer. He had lost his mother when very young—he had no other near female relation, and had never enjoyed those intimacies and intercourse with the virtuous part of the sex, that preserve young men from their two besetting sins—extreme bashfulness or confirmed liber-

tinism. He had entered the army when a mere boy; had led, till now, a soldier's life, and, like all those of that profession, was fond of adventure and enterprise. But amidst all his dissipation, he had preserved a certain delicacy of feeling that delighted in nature and simplicity, and that shrunk from deliberately planning the ruin of an innocent girl. True, he had followed the peasants, had lingered long at the cottage, and entirely for the sake of the pretty Mary; but it was rather the freshness and novelty of the circumstance that had led him there, than any dark and wary plan of deceit. The artless and honest manners of the family had pleased and interested him; and the simple graces of the fair Provençal had touched him nearer than he could have supposed possible. Was he then, the admiration of the bright beauties of Paris, after passing amidst their witcheries unwounded and indifferent—was he to feel love for the first time

for a peasant? Love! the idea was ridiculous; and he determined to forget his day's adventure altogether. But the young man was ignorant of the hold which previous habits of idleness and dissipation have upon the mind. He was not aware either that unaffected native beauty, though clothed in rustic habits, and with no instruction but that of its own uncorrupted feelings, may often twine itself more closely round the heart than all the brilliancy and gloss of nobler maidens. His feelings had been excited by his previous listlessness and *ennui*; and as the sun shone in upon him the next morning, he awoke and walked out upon the ramparts of the fort to look towards the peaceful vineyards. The morning was bright, and fresh. The blue waters of the sea which bathe the walls of the fort were crisping and rustling with the rising breeze; and a vessel that had just finished its quarantine, was slowly riding into the harbour. The quays were be-

ginning to be peopled with the various crowds which business, amusement, or curiosity, daily collect there; and a few light boats, covered with awnings, were moving among the thick lines of vessels, and bearing provisions to the awakened and busy sailors. Eugene looked on the scene before him, and then turned away with that sort of dissatisfaction with which he who has no employment or pursuit, beholds others engaged in the full career of interest and business. His thought wandered to Mary and the cottage; and his eyes rested upon the fig-trees which grew just above it. His past and feverish years rose up before him, and a pang of repentance and wish for some tie of affection and love were mingled in the deep sigh that he uttered. "Were I but a peasant," said he—"had I for ever dwelt beneath those mountains, and never heard other music than the bells of my goats and the village song, I might now be content and uncorrupted."

I shall not follow the young officer in the various visits which I was told he made to the cottage. He had gradually accustomed himself to stroll there daily, and there he lingered till nightfall. He had gained the old peasant's heart by a present of a rich gilded painting of her patron St. Magdelaine, and Mary's heart too he had gained by his stories of war and danger; and she would often sigh to herself, and wish that she were other than a poor simple peasant; and then look at Eugene and sigh again. Claude too was delighted with the young officer, and almost wished to be a soldier that he might march with him. They would tend the vines together, when the strong *mistral* had loosened and thrown down the poles: and they talked of the approaching vintage. Eugene expressed his hopes that he might still dance at it, and, as he repeated this in the cottage, he took care to whisper aside to Mary "*et avec toi.*" Mary would blush and smile and say to him,

"Oh! Sir, our dances are so rude and wild that you will scorn them." "Oh no!" would Eugene reply, "I have long learnt to admire all your native sports, nay I have seen the gay Provençal danced amidst the glittering lustres and canopies of Paris, while the rich and the noble looked on and admired."

Here followed the peasant's detail of the gradual increase of Eugene's influence at the cottage, during which three or four weeks flew rapidly on, bringing at length an order to his regiment, which was quartered, as stated, in the fort of St. Nicholas. On the morning of the day referred to, that regiment was drawn out upon the narrow square within the gate of the fort. A despatch had been received from the Prince of Neufchatel, informing the Commandant of the city, that the Emperor had given orders for the regiment of guards to be replaced by other troops, and that the former should immediately begin their

march for Dresden, where the army then was. Three days were allowed for them to prepare for their departure. The dispatch was read aloud by the commanding officer to the men, who received it with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!* and as the parade broke up, they might be seen embracing one another and repeating their acclamations. The barracks soon resounded with the note of preparation. Many a dialogue passed among the busy soldiery; and one among the rest, an old *Sapeur*, with a beard as long as a Jewish patriarch's, mounted upon a table and shouted out the well-known military song, "*le tambour bat il faut partir*," which was taken up by the rest and echoed through the open gratings of the fort over the sea.

In the mean time the officers had assembled in a circle upon the rampart, and were discussing the probable situation of the army. Most of them were laughing, and in high

spirits at their approaching departure; and they all dropped off to make their preparations, leaving Eugene standing alone. He was astonished at the sort of discontent which he felt at the very thing he had so long been anxious for, and found that his thoughts were more among the green vineyards about him than on the distant plains of Saxony. "I will see her this evening," said he; "it is perhaps well for her, for me, that this is so; but yet I must know if she will grieve at my going." He passed the few hours which remained before evening in irritation and impatience; and soon as the busy hum of the port had subsided, and his particular duty been performed, he hastened through the crowded *cours*, and passing rapidly along the vineyard, soon arrived near the cottage. As he advanced, he heard a voice, which he recognised as Mary's, singing one of those romances which abound in Provence, and which

appeared to relate to some fair lady and her crusading troubadour, alluding to some customs and places which I may probably hereafter make myself acquainted with. The romance I discovered lately in a collection of these compositions, and translate it as follows:

"St. Victor's shrine with gold is crown'd,
It's tapers burning bright;
St. Victor's monks are kneeling round,
And pray for Bertha's knight.
Her bare white feet stand on the stones
Where kings and nobles rot;
Her lips have kiss'd St. Victor's bones,
Yet Bertrand cometh not.

"St. Victor's rock looks brown and bare
Amid the burning sky;
And Bertha now is kneeling there
So distant and so high.

No gentle breeze or fountain sweet
Plays round the holy grot,
And bleeding are those tender feet,
Yet Bertrand cometh not.

"Through yonder painted lattice beams
A light that may not sleep:
In yonder turret Bertha dreams,
And starts to wateh and weep.
A hasty step is hurrying near,
It mounts the winding stair;
And kisses charm the falling tear,
For Bertrand now is there."

As she concluded the last words of the song, Eugene, who had advanced silently and unperceived, echoed them from behind the walnut-tree under which Mary was sitting.

"O how you frightened me!" cried the peasant: "what! have you been listening to my poor song too, Sir?"

"That I have," said the officer; "and the

fair Bertha herself could not have sung it more sweetly. Would that my absence could cause so much grief and lamentation to any one!"

"Oh Sir," replied Mary, "we have all some one that loves us, and whose heart is lighter at our approach. Even when I go to the city there below, I am so happy to get back to our cottage, and my dear mother is so pleased to see me, as she sits singing under this tree."

"But all must love thee, Mary, thou art so kind and gentle. As for me, I am a wandering soldier, and have no kindred but a father, whose heart is too full of ambition to feel much tenderness for me. Mary, dear Mary, I am going far from these vineyards; in three days I shall be marching whither you see those clouds driving along in the southern wind. We are summoned to the army, and my peaceful life is at an end. Will you think of me sometimes?" The poor girl was pale and trembling: of the nature of her feelings

for the young officer she was quite ignorant; but the idea of his departure had affected her deeply. She felt that she was about to lose something to which she was accustomed, and on which her thoughts and eyes had longed to rest. She made no immediate reply to Eugene's question; and when he repeated it, she burst into tears.

"My dearest girl," said he, throwing himself down before her, "why do you weep? what have I said or done to distress you?—or is it because I go that you shed those precious tears? Tell me, is it so?"

Mary's tears now fell the faster as she replied, "Why, oh why, Sir, will you talk thus to a poor girl like me? You came to our cottage, and we welcomed you; we were all happy when you were with us, and shall grieve to see you go:—but why do you talk to me, as if I were a noble lady and fit to be your wife? Go, Sir; I will pray for you to our

holy Saints, and may they preserve you from danger in battle!"

"And can you then easily bear the idea that you may never see me again?—that he you now see before you, may be, ere long, stretched out far away beneath the dark cold sky of the north! Will you not at least say that you will always think of me?"

"Think of you, Sir! why should you wish it?"

"Why should I?"

"I know too well already the vexation such thoughts have given me."

"And is it so?" exclaimed Eugene; "have you then done so already, dear Mary? Would to God that I could stay with thee for ever, and thus be certain of being always present to thy thoughts and sighs;—but it may not be."

"Look," said Mary, still weeping, "look at that hermitage which is clinging to yon green crag: when you are gone, I will go thither

daily and pray with the holy hermit for your safety."

"And will you pray also for my safe return to thee, dear girl?"

"You are very curious," said she, endeavouring to smile, but the attempt was useless, and she hid her face in her hands.

"Shall we not walk?" said Eugene. "See how lovely the green wood looks waving in the evening breeze. And where is thy mother, and Claude?" "They are gone down to the church, whose cross you see there among the leaves of those fig-trees. It was on this very night, two years ago, that my poor father died; and they are gone to the mass that is said yearly for the repose of his soul." As she spoke, the bell from the church tolled the evening office. Mary crossed herself, and, taking a rosary from her bosom, kissed it fervently. Eugene threw an envious glance upon the holy beads, and said, "And am I then to have no token of remembrance from thee,

that I may press to my lips as fondly as you have kissed your beads?"

"Alas! I have no rich rings or jewels which would be worthy of you, Sir. We peasants have no wealth but our flowers and vines."

"And those flowers are rich and precious," said Eugene; "for they are the pure sweets of Nature; but come, give me some of those blessed violets that I scattered so rashly about the cottage. Come in and pluck them with your own dear hand." They entered the cottage, the stillness of which was only broken by the uniform ticking of a clock that stood near the window. Mary drew the withered leaves from amidst one of the *bouquets*, which were still standing by the side of the image of the Virgin, and cutting some of her shining ringlets, she wrapped them round the flowers; and giving them to Eugene said, "I fear you will say I am too bold, and think lightly of me; but indeed I never gave such things before; and as

you are going so far away, I would not wish you to forget us and our cottage entirely." Eugene kissed them as he took them from her hand, and they drew near the open window. The days had shortened sensibly since Eugene's first visit to the cottage; and the moon was throwing her full light upon the country beneath. The Lazaretto might be seen extending its white walls along the shore to the right of the harbour; while to the left the rocky coast was stretching away in dark shade till it terminated in a bold promontory. The long road which leads up from the city was white and still; the distant sound of the wheels of some traveller that was returning home, alone disturbed its silence. As they looked out upon the night, Eugene pointed to that part of the mountain where the road, winding among the dark pines, was lost from view.

"Beyond that point," said he, "lies many a fairer clime and softer scene than that which

is now spread before us. Hast thou never sighed for the gay sights and sounds of Paris?"

"Oh! never, never," said Mary; "no sounds would be sweet, or sights gay to me, if far from my home. My old mother's song as she sits knitting, is more precious to me than all the rich music of our city festivals. And Paris is so far, so very far,—why I could not return before midnight; and then what would my mother do?"

Eugene smiled to himself at the sweet girl's simplicity. "And do you love none but your mother, Mary?"

"Oh yes, my dear Claude, and little Fanchon," taking the kid with its ringing bells into her arms.

"And none else. Will you not love me too? Oh! say that you will, that you do, and we must, we surely shall meet again!"

Mary said nothing, but smiled, and as she pointed to the violets, blushed and looked

down. Eugene was delighted, and she looked so soft and innocent that he suddenly threw his arms round her waist, and imprinted an ardent kiss upon her lips. She shrunk not from his embrace; her heart was innocent, and she might never see the darling object of her thoughts again. But she was foolish and imprudent; that kiss had kindled other thoughts and other feelings than her pure tranquil life could ever have known, and which are not soon quelled. The young and handsome officer still encircled her waist; and, while he whispered his promises, sorrows, and love, as his cheek lay close to hers, she sunk into his arms, and for the first time gently murmured "Dear Eugene!"

Oh! where was the mother then—where was the brother, that loved her with a love far stronger and better than his who was now breathing poison into her heart? Alas! they were kneeling before the altar, and praying for

the repose of the dead; while the peace of the living was for ever lost!

The clock ticked on; the kid slept quietly among the soft bed of vine-leaves, the moon shone full in upon the pictured saints, and all was still; but Mary was never to know rest again! Time would in future be to her long and dreary; the sports of her kid would no more delight her, and the saints would seem to frown upon her. Voices and steps were heard approaching; the old peasant, led by Claude, came along the path, peaceful and happy at having performed their annual duty. They entered the cottage. The guilty and the weak were there. But the mother knew not of that guilt and weakness. Her face, as the moon fell upon it, was calm and smiling; and she welcomed Eugene as she had ever done. His confusion she perceived not, but something struck her in Mary's manner as unusual. Some uneasy thoughts came across her mind, which

were not tranquillized by seeing Claude stand gloomily aloof. Eugene, however, hastily told them of his approaching departure, and they all appeared uneasy and perplexed. At that moment the trumpets of the guards were heard sounding the *retraite*, and mingling their martial echoes with the drowsy hum of the mosquitoes that were flitting around; and Eugene took a hurried leave of the peasants, and retired to his barracks conscience-stricken, humbled, and repenting.

There was one he left behind that slept not that night. The old peasant's alarm had subsided, and she rested; but Mary sat upon the bed with her hands pressed to her head and her heart, dark and cheerless. The morning came, the sun shone in, but her eyes were hot and aching, and her limbs stiff. Her mother was again anxious, and suspected that perhaps Eugene's departure might have made her sad, and that so fair and brave a youth had touched

her heart. And this thought was strengthened when Eugene towards evening entered the cottage. Mary's dark eye brightened, her step was lighter, and she smiled again, though not as she was used. They talked of Eugene's departure. But there was an air of restraint over them all. Suspicion had been roused and crime consummated, and their peaceful and trusting intercourse was at an end.

The time which intervened before the day fixed for the departure of the regiment passed away. The last evening had arrived, and Mary was looking anxiously down the path for Eugene. She saw him slowly advancing up the hill, and she retreated within the cottage, as her brother was among the vines just below the house. Alas! she had begun to learn concealment. Eugene arrived, but he was not welcomed as before; the mother had at last perceived the danger of his visits, and she was vexed and hurt at her daughter's evident distress.

"I am come to bid you farewell," said the officer; "to-morrow, ere the sun be risen, we march; but I shall never forget you all."

"Say not so, Sir," said the mother, "you only mock us. Is it likely that a young noble like you, when you are in the bright palaces and gardens of Paris, will think of our rude home and manners? You are brave and handsome, and many a fair face will smile upon you: but beware, beware, young man, of turning those smiles to tears. A woman's heart is soon softened, and soon broken."

Mary drew back, and, quitting the cottage, stood under the walnut-tree looking towards the long road. Eugene's heart smote him as he looked at the old woman, whose anxious eye had followed her daughter; and he felt that his heart would be heavy as he marched to battle.

It was time for him to leave them. Claude had come in from his labour, but his suspicions had been roused by the circumstances which he

had observed when he returned with his mother from the church, and he had become sullen and almost quarrelsome. Mary's feelings may be conceived, but not described: virtuous and gentle, one fatal moment had made her weak and guilty; and the man for whom she had felt that weakness and incurred that guilt was about to leave her, perhaps for ever. She dared not speak to him of all that her heart was bursting to say; but she could not restrain her tears, which now fell freely. The mother and Claude, however, appeared softened when Eugene prepared to depart: their acquaintance had been one of those which a young man of gentle and romantic disposition may frequently form with the honest peasants of a country; and they could not behold him leave them and know that he was going to danger, and possible death, without feeling some real pain. But they were at the same time relieved from their fears by his departure, and conse-

quently their manner towards him softened and became what it used to be.

"Mary, come in," said the mother; "our young officer is going to leave us; come in and let us give him some of our wine of Provence for the last time."

"Oh not for the last time," said Mary, unable to restrain her emotion, "not for the last time;" and alarmed at having shewn such agitation, she added, "he is going to battle, and we must not talk of last times."

Claude said nothing for some minutes, and seemed hurt at his sister's evident distress; but suddenly taking the young officer's hand, he said, "Fare ye well, Sir, fare ye well; you are rich and noble, and may be no stranger to women's tears, since you have seen many a foreign land: but go, Sir, my sister is dearer to me than all the wealth which yon city contains, and you have tarried but too long already. Our prayers shall go with you, for I

think you good, and incapable of wishing to make my mother, myself, and poor Mary wretched." And as he spoke these words, he threw his arms round his sister's neck, and endeavoured to comfort her.

The old woman sat thunderstruck at the scene which was passing around her: her eyes turned first to her daughter, and then to Eugene, who was standing before her in real distress and confusion. She raised her hands, and pointing to the cross which might just be seen mingling with the broad leaves of the fig-tree, said to the young man.—

"That white cross is not more pure and innocent than my Mary: look at her, Sir, and tell me if you have ever seen a fairer or a better girl among all the beautiful ladies that wait upon our Empress; and till you came, she was always gay and cheerful; and if she wept, it was but at the moaning of her kid, and her tears were soon past. But now

she stands there as I never saw her before, and her heart has been sad and her tongue silent for these three days. I blame not you, Sir; you are young, and pause not to think that your soft words and eyes may be dangerous to a poor simple girl. Come hither, Mary," and she put her daughter's hand into Eugene's: "Had ye both been peasants, my blessing would have rested on you, and yon church might have received you; but it is otherwise. Since my Mary has loved you, young man, I must too, and have done so; but now say farewell to her, and thank your God that you leave her innocent!"

The guilty pair stood before the old woman with misery and remorse in their hearts: "Farewell," said Eugene, "farewell, dear friends. My God! how bitter it is to leave those to whom we are endeared by habit and affection." And then, as if struck by some sudden feeling, he added, "Yes, affection; for I love this

sweet girl, and would forget ambition and pride, and return to remain for ever with you. If I fall,"—and Mary shuddered and almost sank to the ground at her mother's feet,—"if I fall, my head must rest far from here; but if I am spared, I will return to my mother, my brother, and my wife." As he spoke thus, he flung his arms round Mary, and taking from his neck a black riband to which hung a small portrait of a lady, "This was my mother," said he, "by those blessed features which have never yet quitted me, I promise to return to you all. I have met with kindness and affection, that have refreshed my heart as the rain does your parched vines; and I prize this innocent girl's love more than the smiles of noble dames. Take it," said he, giving the picture to Mary, "take it, and preserve it, as you value your happiness and mine. Within its frame are the leaves of the blessed rose—blessed to me, since they were my mother's last gift."

Mary took the picture, and kissed the smiling features, saying, as she looked at Eugene, they were your mother's.

"Be it so," said the old woman: "if God and our Holy Virgin so direct it. If I have wronged and hurt you, forgive me, dear young man, and may God bless you both, my children!" She bent forward, and kissed Eugene's forehead. While Claude threw his arm round his neck and called him brother.

But the time was fast speeding on, the evening star had risen above the glowing horizon, and the trumpets were about to sound from the city for the last time. The old woman rose, and bringing out a mass-book from a small room beyond, she knelt down at the open window, and pointing to the star, said, "Every evening when that blessed light appears, we will pray for you, and chant our country hymn. Pray with us now, and Heaven will send you back safe and unhurt!"

Eugene knelt down—alas! he seldom prayed, but he was softened, harassed, and filled with pity and shame. They prayed. Mary, whose hand was still clasped in Eugene's, raised her timid voice, and chaunted one of those hymns with which the peasants celebrate the fête of *la belle Etoile*. Eugene was affected to tears by the scene, but the hymn sank mournfully to his heart, and it seemed more like the requiem of the dead than the sweet and cheerful supplication for the living. Suddenly the trumpets of the guards were heard mingling their lengthened notes with the soft hymn, and Eugene started up. "I must be gone," said he; those trumpets call me to other scenes, but one fond thought will ever mingle with my toil and danger, and make me forget both."

"O forget not danger," said Mary, throwing her arms round him, "remember, remember me, and let not the fierce Cossack rob thee of my precious violets."

"Farewell, farewell," said the officer, "ere those masts which crowd the harbour have reached their distant ports, I may be here again. Our eagles will soon drive back the carrion birds of Russia; and our Empress's father will not long march against his Imperial son-in-law. Once more, farewell"—and kissing Mary for the last time, he hurried out of the cottage.

The hearts he left there were sad; but one was indeed full of bitterness. She had not the consciousness of innocence to support her during the dreadful period that must pass before her lover's return. And if he should never come—if he should fall—for that he might deceive her, she never thought; she was too artless and sincere herself. Time passed on. She daily went to the hermitage, from whence the distant plains might be seen, and there she prayed, and looked towards the north. But she soon felt other and new horrors, and her state of mind became dread-

ful. Her mother, poor unsuspecting woman! endeavoured to soothe her, and talked of Eugene's speedy return. Her brother insisted upon her going with him to see the new-year gaieties of the city; but her heart sickened at the sight of the fort where Eugene had been quartered. She refused to quit the cottage; or if she did, it was but to toil up to the hermitage.

Months passed before intelligence had arrived of the army, when a letter entrusted to some person who had brought despatches to the city was forwarded to the cottage. They opened it: it was from Eugene; but the hand that had traced it was now nothing but dust. That letter he had written when he was dying of the wounds he had received at the battle of Laon; and contained the blessed violets, and the still dearer ringlets. They will strip me," wrote he, "and bury me with the rest in a soldier's grave, and this precious treasure will be lost. I have kept them near my heart, till that heart has almost ceased to

beat, and now I send them to you that no other hand may touch them. The concluding lines of his letter could scarcely be distinguished: they were unsteady, and nothing but the words *forgive*, *protect*, and *comfort*, could be made out. Mary fell senseless to the earth. Her worst fears were confirmed; disgrace, irremediable disgrace and desolation, were now her portion. When she recovered, and her situation gradually returned to her recollection, she had well nigh broke forth into a wild and dreadful confession of her condition. But she looked at her mother, who was sitting powerless in a chair at some distance, and determined to be silent. She might die, she might never reach the period she so much dreaded; and that distress at least would be spared her poor mother. But the shock which the letter had caused to her had hastened that fatal period; and ere the following morning she had been seized, as she went at night-fall towards the hermitage, with

the pangs of labour; and when she was found by some peasants, the work of despair and delirium had been accomplished;—the once innocent and tender girl sat beside her dead infant!

She had contrived to conceal her pregnancy entirely from all observation, and the afflicted peasants could scarcely believe their eyes when they discovered her. But soon the intelligence spread, the police were informed of the dreadful circumstance, and a *procès-verbal* was drawn up of it. Mary, the once loved Mary, passed along that *cours*, where but a few months before she had walked amid the happy peasants as happy as themselves, and now moved slowly between the military escort, chained, and plunged in misery. Her mother could not accompany her, she was incapable of moving from her bed; but her brother walked by her side, and supported and screened her from the gazing crowd. But at the prison gate he was prevented from accompanying her farther; and the

poor girl, who had never passed a night from her mother's side before, now lay upon straw in a dark and solitary cell.

The day for her trial arrived. She was brought in between two gensdarmes; her brother stood at some distance, pale, the tears running down his cheeks as he looked at her, and the spectators were apparently deeply affected at the melancholy situation in which the poor unhappy girl was placed. The story was known, but in the then unsettled state of public affairs, no attempts had been made for her pardon; and when the evidence had been gone through, so clear and undoubted was the case, that the advocate declined addressing the court, and the judges immediately pronounced the fatal sentence. Mary heard it, but cared not. She could not live. She was not what she had been. She felt that her peace, her innocent delight in nature, in her home, and her village pleasures, were gone for ever; and the thought of her

mother had scarcely power now to increase her utter desolation. The sentence was to be put into execution in twelve days' time; and as she was led back to the prison, many a young female shuddered, and crossed herself. But Claude has spoken to her, has whispered hope to her, and told her that he had heard of Eugene's father being now at Paris, and that all the savings of many years should be used for his present purpose.

He stayed not a moment; but leaving his mother under the care of a young female peasant with whom he often had danced at the vintage *fêtes*, he joined the courier which was just leaving Marseilles, and in four days reached Paris. He found out Eugene's father, who was in deep mourning for his son, and who was likewise depressed at the situation of the Government. But Eugene had written to him before his death, told him his story, and entreated him to protect Mary; and the father had determined

upon sending a person to make inquiries about the poor girl. His agitation was great, therefore, when Claude related to him all the circumstances that had taken place. His interest with some persons high in office was still considerable; and, before the clocks of Paris struck eight that evening, Claude was on his way back to Marseilles with a pardon for his sister.

He travelled on in the most dreadful impatience; every hour that he heard strike made him shudder, and by the tenth day he had reached the banks of the Isere. It afterwards appeared from the reports of persons along the road, and from his own wild ravings, that when he reached that mountain stream it was black and swollen, its waters had been increased by continual and heavy rains; and when he reached the river, the boat had been carried away, the ropes broken, and the banks washed down; while pieces of floating timber and boards of houses, and even animals, were hurrying along

in the whirling current. There did he stay the rest of that afternoon, and a great part of the next day, in madness and distracted fear; and he could almost fancy he heard the hammers of the workmen that were erecting the scaffolding. At last toward the evening of the second day, a passage was effected, and he hurried on. When he arrived, on the morning of the twelfth day, at a village about ten miles distant from the town where the execution was to take place, the clock struck nine. He quitted the carriage, and mounting a horse hurried along the stony road, and reached the heights above the town. He could not help pausing a moment before descending, and looking towards it to see if it was in unusual motion. But it seemed still as the deep blue sea which was sleeping beneath the hot sun, and his heart beat more freely. How he arrived, and all the succeeding circumstances, were at first related.

The poor old mother could not bear to

remain in her former residence. The walnut-tree no longer shaded her as she used to sit spinning and expecting her daughter's return. She quitted it, and came to live close to the church.

Poor Claude has never recovered the dreadful shock he received. He is a madman, a wild and terrible one, and a *vigneron* told me a story of him which had made my blood curdle. He was at first confined in an old building not far from the village church, which has since been removed: and one night as a peasant was returning home through the cemetery, he thought, as he passed among the grave-stones, that he heard a noise at some little distance. He was not deceived, for immediately some one uttered a loud yell, and a figure ran towards the terrified peasant, rattling some chains which were in his hands, and grinning and howling in the most horrible manner. The peasant had just time to put out the lamp he carried, and creep

through a gate, along a low wall which inclosed the cemetery; while he heard the enraged madman, for it was poor Claude who had escaped from his confinement, rushing among the graves and dashing his chains upon the stones.

"I had just opened my window," said the *vigneron*, "to look at the night to see if our vintage was likely to prosper, when I heard one of the most dreadful cries that man can hear. It was like the yelling of some tormented spirit in purgatory; and I hastily shut the window; and, kissing my wife and child, who slept soundly, said my prayers and went to bed; but that cry still rang in my ears, and I dreaded some visitation upon the city. But the next morning the news of the madman's escape was told me, and that the peasant was very ill of his fright. My God! what dreadful things happen in the world; the madman was secured, and he is now confined in the city."

Such was the conclusion of this melancholy story. Mysterious Providence! A poor harmless girl, that never would have injured the smallest reptile, became, by the course of these events, a murderess and a convict. And the peace of that cottage which the soldier had partaken of and enjoyed, was by him turned into desolation, death, and delirium. When we look upon the stream of life, as it flows on sometimes in uniformity and gentleness, and at others like the wild and rushing torrent, fertilising and refreshing the lands of some, while it swallows up the flocks and smiling gardens of others, who can refrain from feeling perplexity and doubt? Who has not sometimes, amidst his miseries and misfortunes, looked round upon the very different situation of others, and wondered and almost repined? Who has not at some time or other felt within his heart a consciousness that he was formed for higher and better situations than that in which

he is placed? But when all hope, all prospect of a change are passed, and we are influenced by the same noble and generous impulses, it is then that we turn to the highest and best of places, it is then that we feel indeed that there is a Providence. Though the outward world be dark and cheerless, though the storms of life surround us, yet we have within our hearts the pure stream of mercy from on high, comforting, and soothing our spirits like the spring that gushes from the rocks on the shore of the raging ocean. And because we see inequalities and apparent contradictions and confusion, are we therefore to doubt the existence of a protecting and balancing hand? Do we not feel within our own hearts the history of the system of the great Creator? Do we not feel the powers of virtue and vice each acting in their separate way, but both conducing to some wise purpose? The virtue that makes the better and higher feelings of

our nature more green and fruitful, renders us happy and contented. While the devastation and ruin which our vicious propensities may have caused, have only swept away many a noxious vapour, and left our souls clear and calm. And if we see in others vice so far prevail as to choke up the course and influence of virtue, are we therefore to pronounce rashly that this is unjust, and unworthy of an impartial being? How do we know but that the vice which we lament, may be the means of good and blessing, as the treachery of Judas, and the weakness of the Roman governor acted together in the great plan of our redemption? When I see some shallow worldling, whose paltry aspirations have been baffled, and whose life has been one of sense and selfishness, repine at his lot, and arraign the ways of Providence, I look upon him with dread and pity. The tempest that may dissipate the noxious va-

pours from his mind is yet to come, and long and bitterly may he suffer before it works its destined end. The fool hath said in his heart "There is no God," or what comes to the same thing—has dared to repine at, and accuse his works and will.

CHAPTER V.

I WAS yesterday at the vintage fête. But the story I so recently heard, and the destruction caused by the late rains, dwelt too strongly on my mind to allow it to derive much pleasure from the really cheerful scene. The form of the hapless Mary seemed to wander before me, and the cry of her poor brother rang in my ears. The *vignerons*, however, who had lost their vines in the storm, seemed to forget their misfortunes amid the mirth of the other peasants, who were all assembled upon the small *place* in front of the church, from which the procession, with its rude Saints and banners, and preceded by the priest, advanced and marched thrice round. In the midst of the *Saints* was carried a figure

covered with grapes and vine-leaves, and seated upon a tun to represent Bacchus; the pagan superstitions being thus united, as they frequently are in Provence, with the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion.

The descendants from the Phocæans cannot forget their classical origin; and the bust of Homer which they have set up in one of the streets of the city, looks down upon the children of those who rejected him, and recalls the recollection of the fate which so many illustrious spirits have met with. Homer, Camoens, Tasso, Dante, Chatterton, Burns, all died in exile, or hopeless poverty. Homer wandering blind and homeless; Camoens dying as he had lived—poor and neglected; Tasso pining away the brightest years of his life in darkness, captivity, and hopeless love; Dante the fierce, the vindictive Dante, banished by the country, which, like Coriolanus, he scorned; Chatterton perishing in a common workhouse; and lastly, the Scot-

tish poet, he who wrote the "Cotter's Saturday Night," left to wear his ardent soul away in the drudgery of detecting petty frauds and measuring brandy. O ye who now rule the hearts of mankind with your verse and words, be not too elated with their incense and acclamations; but in the midst of luxury and the honours which an obedient world showers upon you, think sometimes of the dark bed of Chatterton—the solitary cell of Tasso, and be humble.

November 1. This day was one of gloom and solemnity in the city. I walked there in the morning. The shops were all shut, the bells of all the churches were ringing the funeral chime, and flags upon the vessels in the harbour were half-mast high. It was *le jour des Morts*, the day of the dead, when the living cease from their labours to pray for the repose of the millions of souls that are passed away. The churches were all hung with black, and the people were kneeling around the confessionals, whispering their guilt and repentance to the unseen con-

fessor; while the still silence was only broken by the ringing of a small bell, which announced the different periods of the service. But soon the whole multitude joined in that solemn and thrilling hymn, which is more particularly striking to the traveller, meeting, as he does, with extracts from it, inscribed upon crosses amid the dangers of his Alpine wanderings. There is something singularly affecting to me in this ceremony. Young and old, rich and poor, are all mingled together as they pray for their buried kindred; thus pointing out to the contemplative mind an emblem of the future mingling of their dust. In the catholic churches there are no invidious pews with their rich crimson linings, and no stately powdered footman bearing the gilded prayer-book, marches before the haughty master as he passes up the aisle to his privileged seat. Each person comes silently in, and making the sign of the cross upon his forehead, quietly takes a chair in the position where he can best see the altar. True,

some small mite is paid for this, but the chair is not a necessary part of the attendance at mass; for the poor and devout peasant, to whom, perhaps, that mite is an object, stands beside the wife of the rich merchant, and is content to kneel upon the hard pavement. But I am far from approving of many other parts of the catholic service as I shall have occasion to mention hereafter.

I remained during the day in the city: the gravity and composed appearance of every thing suited my feelings. *Fêtes* and noisy rejoicings destroy me; they irritate and make me feel displeased with myself for not being able to share in the cheerfulness of others. But it must be unshrinking resignation indeed, that can learn to derive consolation at all times, either from the smiles or tears of others. When the friend to whom I have poured out all the misery of my soul, has told me that there were many others more wretched than myself, and that this should

comfort me, I have smiled and wondered at such doctrine. What! shall I, who know what it is to look round upon life, and not see one green spot to refresh my eyes, whose days are full of disappointment and grief, shall I comfort myself with the idea that others are wearing away their lives in the same situation? If my heart be humane, such thoughts can only add to my sorrow; besides that they deprive me of the meagre satisfaction of the unhappy, the belief that they are struggling with unusual afflictions. Away with that poisonous and blighting maxim of the French philosopher and duke, that we rejoice even in the misfortunes of our best friends: he that does so, never had any friends, and never will.

I strolled in the evening into one of the public *cafés*. The variety of persons one sees there, makes me forget other thoughts for a time. When I entered it, I perceived two Turks sitting on one side with their cigars and their coffee before them; a few Englishmen were lounging

about, and the noise of the billiard-table was heard from an adjoining room. I had scarcely sat down and called for some coffee, when some other turbaned personages came in and placed themselves on the opposite side of the room to that on which the Turks were seated. There was an evident difference in the appearance of the two parties. The Turks, with their overhanging eyebrows and shaggy beards, looked fiercely at the group which was opposite to them. This latter consisted of an elderly man, two younger, and a boy of about fourteen, who appeared very much inclined to ridicule the Turks. The costume of these last differed from that of their neighbours. They were Greeks, with clear oval countenances, and a brighter and darker eye than the Turks could boast of. The two parties stared at each other with that sort of expression of countenance with which two bulls may be supposed to regard one another, when separated in their furious strife. Here were the

two bitterest enemies which can perhaps exist, the insurgent and his tyrant, sitting quietly within the same room. While the troops of either party were at that moment engaged in war even to the knife, they were sitting at their little marble tables beneath the soft light of the lamp, and listening to a German girl who was playing upon the harp in the midst of the *café*. But, as I have already said, the Greek boy appeared very much disposed to commence an attack upon the Turks; and had they not been more peaceably disposed, a scene of confusion might have ensued. They, however, got up and quitted the *café*. The Greeks remained; they were from Smyrna, spoke a little French, and told me that they had made their escape from that place, and were going to the Morea. May they be successful in their righteous cause!

I entered into conversation with a young Englishman who is residing here, and who pleased me much. His manners are simple and

retiring, his dress plain, and almost shabby; but I could perceive that he was looked upon with respect and regard by the rest of his countrymen who were there. He has been a considerable traveller, but chiefly on foot. "I am not rich," said he to me, "but I am of an ardent, inquisitive disposition, and prefer living here upon hard fare, and denying myself the gaieties and luxuries of the city, that I may reserve my money to enable me to see other countries. I am in a short time going to Italy by way of Nice." His way of thinking and independence of mind coincided so much with my own temper, that we soon became upon good terms; and as I am endeavouring to procure myself all the distraction I can, I asked him to come up to my house the following morning, which he promised to do. The gay, dissipated idlers of this large city do not suit me. If I have any society, it must be that of the quiet and the reflecting.

November 2. This day has been spent by me

with my new acquaintance the English pedestrian. He came up early in the morning, before the heat of the sun had become oppressive, and breakfasted with me. His conversation is animated and imaginative, and his situation, I suspect, unfortunate, another reason for our intimacy. We strolled out after breakfast into the wood. "What a contrast," he exclaimed, "what a contrast does our situation now present to that of our friends," and he sighed, "in England! They are gathering round the crackling fire in their carpeted rooms, with the doors and windows closed against every blast, while we are breathing this mild and perfumed air. But yet all the beauty and warmth of these skies are not worth the dark fog which, as it hangs over the street, makes the dear and cheerful fire-side more precious."—"Such may be your feelings," I replied, "but such cannot be mine. You, after having stored your mind with the various knowledge to be acquired in travelling, will return to display it to your won-

dering family, and tell of your perils and pleasures to some fond heart that wishes for your return. But I have now nothing in common with my country; my health is ruined, my happiness gone, and these breezes and the humming of these bees will help me to dream away the rest of my life. Were I to tell you all I have suffered, all I have lost, you would acknowledge that the softer sounds and beauties of Nature can alone now comfort me. It would seem impertinent and weak in me if I were so soon to tell you of all this; and yet I have no one to whom I can talk of those things that are nearest my heart, and thus somewhat relieve it."

"I too have known sorrow," replied my friend, "but, thank God, it will now soon cease. I have been a wanderer; but by the end of the year I hope once more to see the white cliffs of Dover. I was careless and extravagant; my father was the reverse: I had large debts, my father refused to pay them, and I fled: he has,

however, at last relented, and I shall soon be freed from all my difficulties. I have lived in different parts of the Continent; I have toiled up mountains, and along burning plains, and consequently I have met with adventures. The day is too hot to walk; if you choose we will sit down under this fig tree, and, as we watch the course of yonder vessel, I will relate to you a singular circumstance which happened to me some years ago." I thanked him; we sat down, and he commenced as follows.

CHAPTER VI.

"I HAD been passing the winter of 1814, and part of 1815, at Aix; but as the spring was fast advancing, and the heat began to be oppressive, I determined upon quitting that place for Grenoble, where I had resolved to reside during the summer. Accordingly, one morning at the beginning of March, a little before sunrise, I quitted Aix with my knapsack at my back. There are many of our countrymen who would scorn to load themselves with this badge of poverty, but I have always found it the most independent and agreeable plan. I strolled along the banks of the Durance, that winds along between high rugged rocks, with here and there a scattered vineyard and half-ruined tower perched upon a broken crag, the

former habitation of some princely troubadour. Not a house of any kind was in sight; all was wild, but beautiful, and such a scene as the imagination might have peopled with those bright beauties and eloquent poets that once held at Aix their Courts of Love. I passed on by Manosque, which rises at the end of the valley in a pyramid of vines and olives, and whose houses are built up among the rich gardens to the top of the rock. When I had passed this place, a wide plain extended itself before me. The Durance, inclosed within its stoney channel, still kept along the side of the road, but was no longer hemmed in by the narrow defile we had passed. It might be seen coming down like a silvery snake winding through the fields from the lower Alps, where it takes its rise, and which glittered in the sun along the distant horizon. I continued my route, occasionally joined by the kind peasants, in whose cottages I often found welcome and

refreshment; and passing by the bleak and gloomy Sisteron, and over some of the most desolate mountains I had ever beheld, I arrived on the third day at Gap, a small town at the foot of the Higher Alps. These mountains give their name to the department which is a part of the ancient province of Dauphiné, and which they divide into two unequal portions. As I entered the town, the weather, that had been hitherto still and warm, now seemed about to change; and I was vexed at this, as I had not intended to sleep at Gap, which presented nothing to interest me, but to continue my route over the mountains to a small solitary inn which had been described to me as likely, from its situation, to delight me much. The storm, however, if storm were indeed impending, kept off, and I determined to go on. I began to ascend the high rock, at the foot of which Gap stands, and which stands as an outpost of the wild chain that extends away towards Piedmont. After

reaching its summit, and travelling along it for a short time, the road as suddenly and steeply descends into a deep valley, on one side of which appeared almost close to the road, the towering chain of the Alps, pointing their white peaks to the sky, and looking like a long line of silent shrouded spirits. A rapid torrent rolled close to the road, and the parapet which had been formerly erected to preserve the traveller from mistaking his way, had fallen in, and afforded no security, should night overtake the stranger in this part of the country. After following the course of this torrent for some hours, I began towards sunset to ascend the principal chain of the mountains, having crossed the torrent by a rude wooden bridge that trembled as I passed it. I continued gradually to make my way up the steep winding road, enjoying the magnificent view that opened itself upon me, of a vast valley, with the old town of Les Diguieres lying beneath on one side, and a labyrinth of broken

rocks and precipices on the other; while the bright snowy pinnacles of the more distant Alps were peering one above the other, as if impatient to burst from their ranks. The weather, however, began now to look very threatening, and the storm gave strong signs that its hesitation was at an end. The wind rose, the sun looked red and misty as it was preparing to set amidst that vapoury haze that announces an approaching tempest, and dark masses of cloud spread themselves slowly around, gathering above the sharp peaks, glimpses of which appeared occasionally through them, like the scraggy skeleton hand of a spectre thrust out from its shroud. I had often been told of the danger of a storm among these mountains, as the only road across them runs along the very brink of an immeasurable precipice, and the wind is sometimes so strong as it sweeps through the gorges, as to bear off with it the powerless passenger, and even sometimes mules. I pressed on, however,

hoping that I might reach the inn before the storm burst; but my hopes were disappointed, for a tremendous peal of thunder, which broke over me, and echoed far away among the desolate recesses by which I was surrounded, gave notice that the tumult was beginning. And no sooner had it begun, than it raged with the greatest violence, very unlike those storms which prevail in plains. There the rain and wind come on by degrees, and retire as gradually. But at the signal given by this terrible piece of artillery, the whole rage of the winds burst forth. They roared about like a tempestuous sea, and almost took away my breath. To add to my perplexity, the snow began to fall; and the wind, seizing and whirling it in all directions, filled the air with such mist and confusion, that I was every moment afraid of stepping down into the horrible gulf beneath. The lightning, as it flashed over the abyss, shewed me the waters of the torrent boiling and glittering along; but

though it looked like a rushing river, I could hear no sound but the howling of the wind. I shrunk under the shelter of a projecting part of the mountain which pressed close to the road; and there I remained, expecting every instant to be swept off by the *tourmente*, or smothered by the snow, and looking anxiously enough, you may suppose, at one of those crosses that are erected to commemorate some fatal accident or crime, and which was directly before me. I was soon, however, relieved from my dismay, for the duration of the tempest was short in proportion to its fury, and I had presently the pleasure to hear the wind sink, and to find that the snow ceased. The clouds, however, still continued to hang, like reconnoitring parties, in different quarters of the sky, and I hastened on through the new fallen snow towards the inn. In about ten minutes I reached the house, which stood quite isolated, close to the foot of the impending rock. The road there was a little wider than in the other

parts; and advantage had been taken of this circumstance for building the inn. I entered, and found the innkeeper sitting near a large iron stove that was in the middle of the apartment, and two gensdarmes were at some distance smoking their cigars, who were stationed there for the proper *surveillance* of the road. Of course, a suspicious-looking knapsack traveller like myself was immediately requested to display his passport. "*Monsieur aura la complaisance de montrer ses papiers.*" Now, I keep a journal of my travels by way of amusement, and the term *papers*, was so general and sweeping, that I began to think it included my diary, which I certainly was determined to resist the inspection of. But recollecting that the same word also included certificates of being a good mechanic, a servant, &c. and not having such, it was of course only necessary to produce my passport. The gensdarme to whom I presented it, as he opened its torn folds, said, "*Monsieur a*

bien vu des pays." I admitted that I had been a tolerable traveller, but in no country so agreeably as France, I added. The innkeeper and both the gensdarmes made me a low bow, and the one to whom I had given my papers, as he turned them, made me a still lower; which I attributed to my being described as *gentilhomme*; and as my journey was to be a short one, I was dressed quite well enough to support that title. I then ordered my supper and some wine, and drinking to the health of Louis XVIII., I invited the gensdarmes and the innkeeper to assist me in my bottle. At my mention of the King's name, I had observed that they all three glanced at one another, and the innkeeper said to me, "*Monsieur* apparently comes from Provence,—is there any thing new there?" and the gensdarmes bent towards me, as if anxiously expecting my reply. Now the truth was, that just when I left Aix, a dark confused report had been spread of some disturbances at Frejus or

Cannes, two small ports upon the Mediterranean. But I had neither time nor inclination to investigate the truth of it, and I had taken good care to say nothing upon the subject as I came along, well knowing, as I did, the French police. I replied, therefore, that "I really was not aware of any thing new, and that, besides, I never troubled myself with politics." The others, whether equally cautious or ignorant as myself, said nothing more, and our conversation turned upon the storm by which I had been overtaken. I mentioned the awkward situation that I had been in, and made inquiries respecting the cross I had seen erected upon the road. One of the gensdarmes told me that it had been put there in memory of a dreadful event that had taken place upon the spot. "I have been some years stationed in this part of the country," said he, "and never saw such a horrible sight. It is now about four years that I was standing one morning in the month of August at the door of this

inn. A carriage coming from Grenoble, drove up, in which were M. de Vitrolles and his two daughters, relations to the *Prefet* of Gap. *Ma foi!* they were young and pretty creatures, and I assisted them out of their carriage. They all came in and refreshed themselves. M. de Vitrolles asked me if the roads were safe. 'You have nothing to fear,' said I, 'but the snow and the *tourmente*; and if there were any rascals among the passes, I am sure they would never think of being uncivil to two such *gentilles demoiselles* as these,' and I made a low bow to them. *Pardi*, they smiled and looked as pleased, and M. de Vitrolles seemed quite enchanted with my politeness." Here the gensdarme, who seemed as great a coxcomb as it was possible for a gensdarme to be, brushed up his whiskers and drew his hands through his hair. "Well!" he continued, "when they had finished their soup and their wine, of which I had my share, in a bumper to the young ladies' health, M. de Vitrolles

ordered the postillion to mount his horse, and he handed one of his daughters into the carriage, while I had the honour of handing the other, who seemed *en verité* taken with my manner. So off they set, laughing and calling to the postillion to make as much haste as he could with safety, as they were anxious to reach Gap in time for the ball that was to be given in honour of the Emperor, that is to say, Bonaparte's fête;" and the gensdarme here moved back his chair, and looked as if he had committed some blunder. I was, however, quite unable to see why he should have thus taken himself up, as it was very natural for him to have made use of the expression he was first going to use. He recovered himself, however, and continued his narrative. "Well, they drove off, Sir, as I told you; but they had not been gone above five or six minutes, and had just turned the projecting part of the mountain, when I heard a desperate shriek and the barking of

my dog here," pointing to a large rough dog that lay at his feet. "I rushed out and ran to the spot, and, my God! when I got there, what a sight it was. The carriage, just at that instant, swung over the precipice, and went whirling away, bang, bang against the rocks, with the horses kicking in the air, and the poor creatures that had been in it, dropping like flakes of snow down into the torrent. The postilion had been thrown off and lay in the road; and as I continued to look down after the carriage, I saw something white among a heap of bushes that grew half way down the precipice. I thought it was a patch of snow at first, but presently it seemed to move; and lying down on my belly, and putting my ear close over the brink, I certainly heard a kind of shrieking:—but what could I do? it was impossible to reach the poor girl that was clinging there; and presently all was over, for I saw the whole bush give way and go plunging down with a quantity of dust

and a large piece of rock. I went down into the valley, and got assistance. When we reached the spot where they had fallen, we found the horses all dead and battered, the carriage in shivers; but, to our terror and astonishment, the poor gentleman and one of his daughters were still alive. It would have been better for them, though, to have been killed upon the spot; for they died all the same, after lingering two days in dreadful agony. They were all three carried to Gap, and buried there; and soon after, the cross you saw was put up."

I thanked the gensdarme for his story, and ordered another bottle of wine for him and his comrade; but as I was fatigued with my long march, and the danger I had been in, I retired directly to my room. The wind had again risen, and moaned along the passage that led to my apartment, the door of which had no lock or fastening to it, and against which I placed a large chair. I undressed myself, and got into

bed, but I could not sleep: some nameless feeling kept me feverish and restless. The moon at intervals shone into my room, and fell upon the gigantic figures of a piece of tapestry which hung over the decayed walls of my room, and which had probably been torn from the rich chambers of the castle of Les Diguieres, which lay in the valley beneath, and had belonged to the famous Constable of that name, to whom Louis XIII. assigned the reputation '*d'avoir toujours été vainqueur, et de n'avoir jamais été vaincu.*' They were swinging about in the wind, which penetrated through the thin walls, and seemed to be brandishing their spears and shields. I tried to compose myself; nothing would do. I tossed from side to side, sat up, shook my pillow, and put into practice all those manœuvres that a nervous and fidgety man thinks likely to render him more comfortable. But all was vain; so I got up, and opening my window, looked out upon the night. The moon was struggling like

a gallant ship with a rolling sea of clouds; and here and there a few stars appeared like the scattered vessels of a fleet. The precipice was before me, dark, deep, and yawning; while far away on the other side, and occasionally lighted up by a sudden burst of the moon, lay heaps of brown and broken rocks, looking like the ruins of a vast city. I stood listening to the groaning of the wind, and fancied I could hear now and then the howling of wolves. But my attention was suddenly attracted to another sound, that seemed to come from the direction in which I had that day passed. I even thought that I could distinguish the noise of wheels; and yet it was not likely that any carriage would be travelling at that late hour, except perhaps the courier. There was certainly, however, a low murmuring sound, scarcely to be distinguished from the wind, yet still audible. It gradually increased; and whatever it was that caused it, the object seemed to be fast approaching. I

could soon distinctly hear the hollow rolling of wheels, and the heavy tramp of apparently a considerable body of men, whose number was at least sufficient to make themselves heard, as they marched over the light snow that still lay slightly on the road. The other persons in the inn had, it appeared, been roused by this unexpected occurrence; for I heard them in motion below, and I saw one of the gensdarmes come out and stand before the door of the house listening to the noise. Presently a horseman turned a projecting point of rock, and rode rapidly up to the inn. The gensdarme immediately advanced towards him, and the horseman, stooping down over his horse's neck, said something to him in so low a tone that I lost it. He then dismounted, and, giving his horse to the gensdarme, came into the house. I had not time to speculate or conjecture who or what this man was; for at that moment a considerable party of men advanced along the road, pre-

ceded by a few horsemen. As they came near, I could perceive that they were a military detachment; but their appearance struck me as singular, and not at all like that of the troops I had seen at Aix or Marseilles. The soldiers, however, and their officers, came directly up, and halted beneath my window. They consisted of about five or six horsemen, and from forty to fifty foot-soldiers. The horsemen were but indifferently mounted, their horses were wretched-looking animals; and two that were harnessed to a small piece of ordnance, seemed as if they were very unused to their present appendage. The infantry were noble-looking veterans, but had a fatigued and harassed appearance; and there was an air of hurry and confusion in their manner, that seemed more adapted to a party of troops in full retreat in a hostile country, than to a French regiment quietly changing its quarters. Some of the horsemen were dismounted, and paid particular attention to one whom I con-

cluded to be the commanding officer. This latter was a short man, with a plain cocked hat. He came into the inn, followed by two of the dismounted horsemen; two or three of the other horsemen rode hastily on; and the soldiers, as they rested on their arms, kept up a murmuring conversation among themselves. Suddenly the door of my room was pushed open, down tumbled the large chair, and my friend the gensdarme, with his sword drawn, walked in, and requested that I would dress myself directly and follow him. The request was made in that sort of way that admits of little hesitation: so, hurrying on my clothes, I accompanied my friend along the passage, and down the narrow stairs, wondering what all this could mean.

When we got into the kitchen, the short officer was standing directly in front of me, with his hands behind him, near the stove; and under his great coat, which was thrown back, his uniform appeared, of a dark-green colour. Two other

officers in rich uniforms stood by him, the inn-keeper in a corner of the room, and the other gensdarme erect against the open door of the inn with his sword drawn. I was proceeding to express my surprise at having been thus disturbed in my sleep, and had prepared a very eloquent and conciliatory compliment to the general civility of the French military, when the short officer fixed his eye steadily upon me, and said rather in a sharp tone,—"*Eh bien! M. l'Anglois, vous voyagez donc comme cela tout seul à pied? D'où venez vous?*" The abruptness and haughtiness of the question irritated me; and I replied, that I had already shewn my passport to the gensdarmes, and that I considered myself to have been very unnecessarily interrupted in my repose, to answer useless interrogatories. The other two officers looked at each other and smiled, and the short one said,—"*Doucement, doucement, M. le Voyageur:* I am the Emperor." I was thunderstruck, and the whole singularity of my position burst upon

me. Here, then, was the explanation of those dark rumours which I had heard before quitting Aix. Yet in spite of the unpleasant circumstances in which this might involve me, I felt a certain satisfaction at the opportunity thus afforded me, of seeing that remarkable man. I remained silent, and undecided if I should apologize for my incivility, when he continued, saying "*Vous venez de Marseille apparamment*, how many troops are there in that city? Was there any disturbance there when you left it?" I stated, that I had just come from Aix.—B. "*Etes vous militaire?*" "No," I replied, "I am in the law." "*Bah! Avocat!*" said Bonaparte, taking a long pinch of snuff. "Have you been at Paris lately?" "Yes, Sire:" I did not choose to mince the matter, and call him General there. B. "*Vous avez vu le Roi?*"—"Yes, Sire." "What do you think of him?" The question puzzled me, but I luckily found words to reply, that it was difficult to

form any opinion of a king who had reigned so short a time.—"*Bon! vous avez raison, M. l'Avocat*; but he is not fit for France. I am going to replace her in the splendid position which belongs to her. *Mais soyez tranquille*, you will not be molested. England has always been my enemy; I hope that in future we shall be friends, and we will make Europe happy. Your Parliament will be well pleased to see me again on the throne of France;" and he added, "I have many partisans in your Parliament." This question I certainly was not prepared to discuss, so I let it pass: had I been a member of that illustrious assembly, I might, perhaps, have opposed it. He then pointed to his grenadiers, who were seen through the open door: "*C'est une partie de ma garde*,—I am going to cross the whole of France with those forty men. Grenoble is already mine, and by to-morrow *le drapeau tricolor* will float upon the steeples of Lyons." I ventured to remark their

fine appearance. "*Oui, c'est le reste de ma vieille garde;* with thirty thousand men like those I could beat all the Allied Powers. *Mais allons, Bertrand,*" turning to one of the officers, "*depêchons nous—Drouot, donnez l'ordre,* let us go and see what Labedoyere has been doing for us."—The word of command was immediately given: the grenadiers shouldered their arms and marched, while the Emperor mounted his horse, and slightly touching his hat, rode off, followed by his generals.

I was not disposed, as you may well imagine, to return to bed that night. My examination had too much discomposed me, although I had turned out a very harmless character. The next morning I continued my route, and reached Grenoble. When I arrived there, I found the town in great confusion. Bonaparte was still there; and, as I passed along the streets, I was enveloped in a crowd of persons who were carrying the gates of a part of the city upon their

shoulders; and which, I was afterwards informed, they had presented to Bonaparte, saying, "Napoleon, we could not give you the keys of your good city of Grenoble, but here are the gates." The general commanding there had, it seems, made away with the keys. Here my friend having concluded his story, we separated, and I returned home, after having exchanged promises to meet again shortly.

CHAPTER VII.

NOVEMBER 30.—I have been for some time past low and depressed. I have written nothing here, and have never once gone down to the city since the day of All Saints. My mind has been engaged in its own thoughts and reflections, and has been unwilling to look abroad. There is a season approaching which I used once to welcome with innocent and expecting joy. I remember, when I was a child, how delightful the gradual advance of Christmas used to seem to me. The serenades of the parish wakes, the gay shops with their windows heaped with citrons and raisins, and the preparatory collections of the joyous holly with its deep-red berries, used to make me leap and dance with anticipation, as I walked with my nurse along

the street. Then at home: the plan that I listened to for the Christmas dinner—the party to be invited—the enumeration of the presents from the country, and of the Christmas-boxes to be given. I think I see my father now—(after we had lost my mother)—consulting with my sister, who is now no more, upon the viands that were to be collected for the approaching feast. And when the long-looked-for day did arrive, I was awake and restless long before morning, with the anticipation of that beautiful and cheerful salutation, "A merry Christmas," of the annual new shilling, of the droning sound of the carols, of the new suit of clothes, of the gaily decked church, of the dinner and the dessert; and then the kisses of the kind ladies, of their little books and boxes of sweetmeats, and finally, of the triumphant entry of the galanty show! Blessed, happy season! when all these simple joys could please, when I knew not distrust nor sorrow, but looked forward to one long and bright Christ-

mas. How different is my present state! I have learnt the history of life, that history so full of revolutions and wonders. And yet the style of its great Author may be traced throughout its pages; and when we close it, we ought to rise wiser and better from its perusal. There are many, who, disgusted too soon with its dry preface and unadorned commencement, shut the book in silence and aversion, and cast it, like a noxious weed, away. There are others who hastily pass over its graver and more instructive subjects, and speed on to its flowery passages, without retaining or remembering one useful lesson contained within it. But there are others who come to its examination with seriousness and impartiality; who, aware of its difficulty and pleased at the instructive contrasts it presents, pass from word to word, and from page to page, with cautious application, and, combining the whole into one system of information and knowledge, are thus prepared to instruct others in the

various mischiefs which they have remarked prevailing during the successive reigns of the passions, and can look back upon the time they have thus spent as neither wasted nor improperly employed. Such men are, indeed, happy; for their happiness is that of reason and experience, and not the unreal and vapoury light which proceeds from the unwholesome exhalations of an uncultivated soil. I could have been such, I feel that I could, but my fate has been otherwise directed. * * *

* * *

December 2.—I walked to Marseilles yesterday morning. I was anxious to make some inquiries respecting the progress of the yellow fever at Barcelona. The fearful scourge is still raging in that city; thousands are dying daily. When one stands upon that beautiful terrace which extends from one side of the harbour along the coast as far as the old church, which has been built upon the ruins of a Temple of

Diana,—when one looks over the fair waters which flow by the infected shores of Spain, the imagination wonders how the fresh waves could ever bear upon their living crests the fatal and pestiferous vessel. It would seem that the influence of those winds that blow from Palestine should dispel the blight and corruption of these infectious plagues, which, like the original sin of our nature, deform and pollute the lovely shores of the Mediterranean. Was it not enough that the dark rocks of Africa should send forth the pestilence and the pirate? Must the Atlantic too—the mountainous Atlantic, waft destruction into Europe? Why did not the Pagan God close with his gigantic columns the treacherous strait which connects these seas with the great ocean? The vessel, the single vessel, which was bearing death and agony into a busy city, passed unheeded along; and as it anchored in the unsuspicious harbour, the delighted and smiling kin-

dred of the mariners ran to its deck, to clasp pestilence and inhale contaminated breath.

* * *

The intelligence which has reached Marseilles is indeed melancholy. But I have been told of an affecting instance of heroism and devotedness: two of the Sisters of Charity have left Paris, in order to go to the suffering Barcelonese, and succour the sick. Such are the fruits of that blessed religion which preserves the unshrinking believer from the mouth of the lion and the sevenfold heat of the furnace! What system of morality or philosophy would command us to act thus, or even support us under such a trying task when commenced? Morality will teach us to live honestly and honourably; Philosophy will enable us to bear the evils of life with calmness; but will either of them say to us, "Go and search out the unhappy and the sick: thou hast done thy duty in society as others, and as thou oughtest, thou hast supported thy

misfortunes with patience, since what would it avail thee to do otherwise? but there is still a higher duty to be performed. Thou must not only be passive in thy virtues, but active. Go to that city which lies in tears and misery; go, and by thy humble exertions alleviate its distress. 'Thou shalt not be afraid of the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon day.' And though nothing but pain and incessant labour await thee, though thou mayest die in the fulfilment of the duties I command thee to perform; yet be assured, that nothing which is done from firm and ardent conviction of its being required by the humane and charitable precepts of the Christian religion, can be done uselessly. Go—thou wilt feel, amidst all the horrors which will soon be before thee, a consciousness that thou art doing what thou couldest not do of thyself alone." * * *

Barcelona appears, indeed, to be in a dreadful

state of confusion. The horrors of anarchy and revolution are added to its other sufferings. Spain is a prey to one of those eruptions which are sometimes the means of clearing a distempered country of its humours and corruptions; but which, if unskilfully managed, or too hastily checked, are only the sources of incurable disease and evil. She cannot, I fear, derive any benefit from this crisis in her nature, as her mighty neighbour has done. There is an original weakness, a sort of unnaturally long childishness about her, that checks and paralyses the developement of her moral powers. The indolent bigotry of the people, and the suspicious tyranny of the sovereign, have both contributed to retain her in long and ignorant tutelage. And now that she has attempted to take her place amid the nations of Europe, who have attained their full strength, either internal disunion, or foreign interference, will send her back to the

nursery, there to play with her beads and her guitars. * * *

As I stood upon the quay with my friend the young pedestrian, whom I met, the *Mistral*, or north-west wind, was blowing violently into the harbour. The sky was black, the sea white and stormy, and a few small fishing-boats in the offing were hurrying along towards the harbour. Presently, a shot was fired from the fort above; and while we were wondering what this could mean, we saw the boats that had come close up to the mouth of the port accosted by a boat containing the officers of health. We were shortly after informed, that these boats came from the coast of Spain, and that they had been driven in by the violence of the weather. Of course, the crowd upon the quay was thrown into considerable agitation, but they were soon somewhat tranquillized, by observing, that the boats were stationed just under the guns of the fort, and watched by several boats filled with armed

men. I trust, therefore, no mischief will ensue from this unlucky occurrence.

The accounts from the Lazarette in this city, are more satisfactory and encouraging; the cases of disease which existed there, are fast decreasing. What a striking reflection it is, that this building should be so near these populous streets; and what gratitude ought not their inhabitants to feel for those, whose vigilance and unceasing care prevent the infection from spreading beyond the walls of its prison! The regulations respecting the system of quarantine are interesting, and, I may say, impressive. There are always stationed at Pomegue, one of the islands which lie in the bay, and where all vessels are compelled to stop, boats which belong to the Board of Health. As soon as any ship has cast anchor at the island, one of these boats approaches it, and the captain of the ship getting into his own boat, is towed by the other up to that part of the Lazarette which

looks upon the sea. As soon as they have arrived there, one of the officers of health presents himself in a balcony in front of the lodge that overlooks the coast, and holds up one of the Gospels, framed and covered with a glass. The captain extending a long rod, touches it, and swears by the holy Crucifix to speak the truth. He is then asked from whence he comes, the nature of his cargo, the number of his crew, the communication he may have had with other vessels, and, finally, the number of his passengers, and their quality. The captain then presents his bill of health at the end of the rod, which the attendants receive with pincers, dipped into vinegar, and spread out upon a plank before the officer. According to the orders which this latter may give, the captain regulates his proceedings, and either places his vessel near the chain of the port, or returns to Pomegue and awaits farther instructions.

These depend upon the circumstances. The

Consuls of the respective ports, from which the vessels come, are obliged to deliver to their captains bills of health, of which there are four kinds. The first is, the unstained, indicating that the crew are in perfect health. The next is, the possibly suspicious, the vessel having come from a suspected port. The third is, the positively suspected, as coming from a country which is infected, or which has had communication with others that are so. And the last is, the awful one, that the plague is on board. It is therefore the state of these bills which determines the duration of the quarantine, and which varies according to the nature of the case. Sometimes twenty-five, twenty-eight, thirty days are considered necessary or sufficient; but in the case of positive infection, forty days are required, and five weeks purification of the vessel afterwards. This last consists of washing it, of plunging all its tackle into the sea, and a strict examination of its cargo. Should any one fall

sick on board, he is immediately carried to the Lazarette; should he die, the cause of his death is ascertained, and he is directly buried. The internal regulations of the Lazarette are not less peculiar. It is placed under the exclusive direction of the Board of Health; the captain is generally a merchant who has travelled to the Levant, and unmarried. He must sleep in the Lazarette. He has the management of the whole of the interior police. He accompanies the officers of health in their visits to the different chambers; he punishes, and is responsible for faults; and he draws up the wills of the dying, which have the same force as if they had been prepared by a notary. The persons who are performing quarantine within the building, are allowed to walk in different quarters, as the case may be. But they are all watched and attended by guards, who at night are locked up with them. When any one falls sick, a physician is sent to him, who remains at the door of his

apartment, and having ordered proper medicines, departs. Should there be no hope of saving the unfortunate person's life, the captain presents himself at the door of the room, and the dying wretch dictates his will to him.—Should he ask for a priest, one is sent to him; but he places himself in a corner of the apartment, from whence he hears the confession, and bestows his absolution and blessing. The host and extreme unction are never administered to the sick here. When the priest goes out, he is obliged to swear upon the cross that he has not touched the sick person. When the latter is dead, he is buried in quick lime; every thing which belonged to him is burnt, the walls of his room are cleaned and whitened, and his death carefully concealed from the other persons within the Lazarette.

Such is the constitution of this remarkable establishment. It has afforded shelter and relief to numerous vessels which had been rejected by

other ports; and in the year 1801 the whole French army which returned from Egypt was at once admitted within its walls, which circumstance may give an idea of its extent. Its situation is very favourable to the attainment of the object for which it was built, being placed on a rising ground to the right of the harbour, and exposed to the full force of the mighty *Mistral*. I shall walk up to it one of these days.

CHAPTER VIII.

I WENT with my friend to the same *café* which I have before mentioned. There is something certainly quite peculiar in these places in this city. Persons of all nations are mingled together within them. There were the Algerine and the Turk of Constantinople seated at one table, with their heads bent down upon their breasts, and dozing in listlessness and indolence. Farther on sat a knot of German students, who have come here in order to embark for Greece, and enjoying the only refreshment their finances admit of—*eau sucrée*. At the table opposite to me were two emigrants—one from Spain, flying from the Constitutionalists, and the other from Piedmont, being himself one of this very description of persons. Leaning upon the *comp-*

toir, and talking to the presiding genius, was a young English officer all fresh from Florence, with his travelling cap of straw, and his eyes repeating the lessons they had been taught upon the banks of the Arno, to the fair Provençal, whose husband stood by black and scowling, looking as if his hot southern blood would not allow him to be as complaisant as Sterne's glove-merchant. Some English captains of merchant-men were collected together in a small room, into which I could just see through a glass door, and had got their grog, their pipe, and their song as merrily as in the parlour of the Gun at Wapping. In another cabinet at the other side of the *comptoir* were a number of young *commis*, or clerks to merchants, playing at billiards, and singing, in confusion worse confounded, all sorts of songs, both military, amatory, and political. Of the latter, I could just catch this burthen, which probably alluded to the missionaries:

"Soufflons! soufflons! soufflons!
Eteignons la lumière,
Et soufflons le feu."

Then, in the midst of the *café*, and just under the lamp, stood a blind German harper, attended by his daughter, who sang occasionally; and who, at the request of an American captain sitting near me, struck up "Yankee Doodle," which he had somewhere learned, and which had attracted some of the Yankee sailors about the door. And of all these persons, I was, perhaps, the only one that looked on without sharing in their mirth, or even tranquillity. For nothing seemed to disturb the opium stillness of the Turks. I could fancy that I saw them sitting before their doors at Constantinople, after having well drugged themselves with the Lethean potion, looking over the bright Bosphorus, and buried in their noxious dream. So might I sit beneath the shade of my wood, and gaze upon

as glorious a sea; but then, the dream—where would the dream be? Opium, too, would give it me; but how would it leave me? More wretched, more desponding than before. I have often felt a strong temptation to try this antidote to bitter thought; but dread the tyranny which, stealing on with petty pace, it would soon exert over me.

December 3. I have quite neglected my little pupil of late. He was with me this morning, affectionate little fellow! I had been reading an Italian and favourite author, and had cast myself upon my knees in agony, as I finished the following passage: "Cos' è la vita per me? Il tempo mi divorò i momenti felici: io non la conosco se non nel sentimento del dolore! ed ora anche l' illuzione mi abbandona. Io medito sul passato, io m'affisso su i dì che verranno, e non veggio che pianto. Questi anni che appena giungono a segnare la mia giovenezza, come passarono lenti fra i timori, le speranze, i desiderj, gl' inganni, la

noja! e s' io cerco la eredità che mi hanno lasciato, non mi trovoche la rimembranza di pochi piaceri che non sono più, d' un mare di sciagure che atterrano il mio coraggio **** La sola morte, a cui è commesso il sacro cangiamento delle cose, mi offre pace!" The little boy had entered the room unperceived by me, and crept up to my side. Suddenly, as I wept, he threw his arms round my neck, crying, "My dear Monsieur, what have you lost? or why do you cry?—don't cry; you know you saved me from being drowned, and you must be happy." Alas! what had I not lost, and what would I not have given to be as innocent and happy as that child! I would have given fame, wealth, and title, all the years that man may live, for one short month of that love and harmony, which I could so well enjoy. Nay, I would even be content to linger out the rest of my life upon a bed of sickness, to be tended and soothed by one voice and hand! my fever would scorch me less, my eyes would

not ache and throb, if they could be fixed upon one gentle well-remembered face, that now seems, as I press its image to my lips, to smile upon me. Here are, indeed, "lips parted by sugared-breath," and I could almost say, the picture thought. The little boy now sprang up and cried, "*Mais, mon Dieu!* I have forgot my commission. My pretty little sister is going to the church with Adolphe to-morrow, and you must come and see us all. She will look so pretty, and we shall be so happy, and so will you, and so shall I; I'm to have my new jacket; and Adolphe has promised to take me to the city: oh! how I love Adolphe. Won't you come?" I promised that I would go. "But *allons!*" said I, "we must begin our lesson;" and he began to murmur and stammer his broken English, all the time looking up in my face, and seeming to be aware of the curious mistakes he was making. Those who have been met by the little ragged children who haunt the valleys and descents of France,

recollect the amusement they have received from listening to their jargon, half pathetic, half ludicrous, as they dance and tumble and sing, while they force upon the traveller their *bouquets*.

December 4. I went this morning to the marriage: I found the *vigneron's* cottage in considerable confusion. The bridegroom was not arrived. But the pretty bride was seated in the room which I entered, surrounded by some of her young friends, and dressed in her gayest colours. She had a portrait of her future husband hanging round her neck, and her hair was adorned with flowers. The old grandmother seemed to be quite young again: she was posting about from the kitchen and back again, with that sort of restlessness that old people display when they see any thing which they do not thoroughly comprehend. My little pupil was running round her, and displaying his finery. Presently we heard music; and the bridegroom, accompanied by some of the peasants, entered the

cottage, and advanced up to his intended. *Allons, allons à l'église,*" shouted my friend the *vigneron;* and we all set off to the little church. When the ceremony had concluded, we all returned to the cottage. Tables were there spread out upon the place before the house, and we sat down to dinner, which was soon over, for the peasants were anxious to begin their dance. Accordingly they soon commenced, and a very pleasing sight it was. They formed themselves into a long chain, or rather several chains, for there were two or three parties; and as they all wound among each other, their bright dresses made them look like so many twining garlands. Many of them had small bells fastened to their knees, and these joining their tinkling to the noise of the fiddles, produced a very pleasing effect. The old grandmother sat at the door of the cottage, beating time with her shaking head, and endeavouring to retain prisoner her little

grandson, who had been expelled from the chain for his unruly style of dancing.

After the first dance was concluded, the bride came up to me, and asked me to dance the Provençal, another sort of figure, with her, I suppose out of compliment to the stranger. I smiled, and almost laughed at the idea. But a bitter recollection, as usual, suddenly shot across me. The last time that I was asked to dance was, I remember, at a public ball, in my own country. I sat silent and musing near some of my friends, who knew my melancholy mood; but happening to raise my head, I saw before me one of the sweetest faces that the eye could wish to rest upon, or the memory cherish. She was dancing in all the free delight of her first ball; and her fair clear skin, and deep blue eyes, were flushed and sparkling with pleasure and animation. I knew not who she was,—I enquired not,—what was it to me? Yet

I continued to look at her as she moved lightly and gracefully along; and there was something in her features, that made me think of rest and domestic comfort and virtue,—all! all lost for ever lost to me! The delicious music of the quadrilles which floated around me, and the perfume of the flowers that decked the room, thrilled through my veins; bringing to my recollection those lines which describe the agonizing impression produced upon some persons by such odours.

> "As when roses steal
> In balmy perfume o'er Circassian air,
> So soft, so wildly sweet, they almost wake despair."

A friend, who observed me sitting silent and serious, came up to me, and proposed to me to dance. I looked at the lovely creature that was passing before me, and hesitated; but the recollection of what I was, and what I would be, darted through my soul, and I shrunk back in

scorn and contempt of my own weakness. Was a desolate unworthy being, like myself, to presume to touch the hands of that pure and innocent beauty? Could I forget, while I held her hand clasped in mine as we swept through the airy circle,—could I forget that a deep gulph was fixed between me and nature?—that my heart might beat, but only to torment me? No, the memory of my bonds, of my nothingness, would have paralysed all my motions; I should have thought of the days when I was as innocent and artless as this fair girl; when I might have, but for the unaccountable darkness and waywardness of my mind, entered upon life as happily, and not have been, as I then was, an useless, degraded, and miserable man! I felt like the fallen spirit. I trod upon the burning marle, and looked up to the crystal gates of Heaven in hopeless regret. There is not upon earth a keener agony than to feel what none can guess; to be considered calm and contented,

while the coals of fire are smoking within our bosom. It is like that terrible trance which is said to overtake some persons, rendering them incapable of speaking or moving, yet leaving them the faculty of hearing; and, thus in intense and palsied pain, of listening to the preparations for their funeral, the plans which are formed of pleasure and amusement, the world speeding on in its active busy course; while they are considered dead, cold, and nought! I have somewhere met with an idea that would teach us to believe in the existence of a terrible penance, which we are compelled to perform here for our misdeeds in some past state; that we are doomed to see all around us happy, every one engaged in healthy toil and occupation, surrounded by friends, and blessed by the enjoyment of home and its holy influence; while the pilgrim-spirit is working out its pardon in darkness and tears, unsought and unloved. The feelings which at times beset

me are, indeed, worthy of such a doctrine. The whole world around me seems full of pleasure and rational objects of ambition, while I cannot join in their pursuit. What had I done that I should, so young, and, I think, so harmless, cast away all that can render this sufficiently difficult life still more so? What had I done? I was proud, self-sufficient, and a visionary; my plans and prospects were as wild and unstable as the moving sand, and my penance is long and bitter. And yet, let me reflect once more upon what I might have still become, amid the temptations, the gloomy, ghastly temptations, that gathered round me. At times, the idea of self-destruction has passed before me, and flashed over my agitated mind, like the forked lightning that shows to the harassed mariner the black coast frowning amid breakers and sand-banks, which may either shelter or destroy his ship for ever. But, then, the horrible uncertainty, the possibility of our lying in a conscious

listening trance, of hearing the mirth and shouts that fill the street, whose lamps reflect their light through the church-yard gates upon our tombs; or of being plunged in thick-ribbed ice; or *feeling* the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is never quenched, gnawing and consuming our vitals! Often, as I have wandered at night through the bright streets of London, the sight of one of those church-yards, those white and silent cities, which stand out before the passenger, has made me shudder. I have turned, looking in through the bars of their gates, upon the wide and wan assemblage of stones, that seemed to be gathered together in mockery of the long and brilliant streets that surround them. And, while I have thus remained, a carriage, with its glittering lamps and prancing horses and sparkling inmates, has dashed past me; the kindred, perhaps, of some of the denizens of this second capital. Capital! ay, and a mighty one it is! You may build and heap chamber upon chamber—you

may spread your boasted streets and squares, busy, ant-like man! but death is a better workman, his tools are sharper, and his arms stronger; ere you have finished one paltry house, he will have erected many a splendid storied edifice. How would the population of all the cities that now exist appear, if the inhabitants of death's city were to confront them?—Like the contemptible dust we shake from our feet before the immeasurable sands of the Great Desert. Then, as I stood, would come by the wandering musicians, with their instruments and songs; and the organ's lengthened and drowsy notes would bring back the days to me, when I used to hear those sounds as I sat upon my sister's knee, whose grave was visible through the gate of the church-yard. And all that I had ever hoped, and felt, and done, and suffered, has swept over my soul, and I have prayed for peace, and pardon, and strength. And they have been granted me,—at least, the latter; else I

should have sunk into the abyss that yawned for me.

O ye who have held the even tenor of your way in calmness and peace, think not such thoughts the romantic raving rhapsodies of folly!—alas! I have done with romance; I feel too truly what I write. If to be possessed of a heart capable of virtues, and alive to all the true sources of natural happiness, and then to have all this counteracted by some early fatal blight, and to be cast into outer darkness, be afflicting and wounding to that heart, then is my language no rhapsody. It is the language of misery, of hopeless misery! I have sat near the only being that I ever truly loved, with those feelings that render our nature pure and exalted; I have sat near her, and have not dared to speak to her. I have seen others fluttering about her, while I, who would have given my life for one soft and kind glance of those blue eyes, trembled to look at them.

Yet, when I did venture,—my God! the recollection makes my heart, even now, burn,—methought there was at times a slight blush, a hasty averted cheek, that would have told me that I was guessed; and I remember, after the last agonizing night I passed in her company, composing these lines when I retired to my room.

When the lips have said farewell,
  When the eyes have look'd their last,
When we *feel*—but dare not tell,
  That our only joys are past;

When we gaze upon the face
  That we ne'er may see again;
When in it we strive to trace
  That we have not loved in vain;

Should the cheek be still as glowing,
  Should the eye be still as bright,
Should the thought that *we* are going
  Quench not all its cheerful light:

Then farewell to memory's pleasure!
  Farewell all that might have cheer'd!—
Thus we lose each fancied treasure
  Which our woes had so endear'd.—

But should grief, though still and noiseless,
  Blanch the brow and dim the eye;
Should the heart, that must be voiceless,
  Check in vain the struggling sigh;

'Tis this that gilds our lonely way
  Through many a path beset with sorrow;
'Tis this which cheers us on to-day,
  And bids us hope and live to-morrow;—

While all around but mocks our sight,
  And every day unmark'd departs,
'Tis this which sheds a holy light
  O'er the dear world within our hearts.

For oft mid sounds of joy and mirth
  Our wither'd prospects rise before us,
And ask us why we cling to earth,
  Since nought can now to peace restore us?

Mid scenes of happy love, alone,
  Our hearts adore their mystic power;
But all their sweetness fades unknown,
  As round the grave fades many a flower.

Yet one dear thought, like music stealing,
  That soothes the madman's brain to rest,
Breathes freshness o'er our waste of feeling,
  And whispers, that our love was guessed!

CHAPTER IX.

I STOOD to-day with my friend the pedestrian upon the ruins of the Abbey of St. Victor, which are upon an eminence overlooking the harbour and the busy quays. Just beneath me was the yard for building ships, and the noise of innumerable hammers rang in my ears, which were employed in making a frigate for the Tunisian pirates. Around me were the remnants of the Abbey, seeming to look down in grief at the treacherous preparations. When it had stood in all its strength and sanctity, the holy monks, as they passed through the gate of Paradise, which was the name given to the entrance of the house, on account of its superior piety, could have little suspected that this unusual din would have echoed through their ruined cham-

bers. The prophecy of the Cordelier Hugo respecting the refectory of the Abbey, was even more fully accomplished than he expected; since not only did it become the stable of a king, as he had predicted, but the clattering of the infidel frigate's works resounded into its grass-grown soil, and over the graves of those who had perhaps preached the crusade. Time! time! thou mighty master of contrast, what mayest thou not have done here ere another century be past?

Of all the hurrying thousands that were engaged below me in these money-making speculations, how many would be alive? Of all the ships that crowded the harbour, and were receiving or delivering their various cargoes, how many, ere a few years were past, might be lying full five fathom deep, with all their crews? And I, that stood thus reflecting upon these things, where should I be? what should I not have learnt? I might be smiling at the shallow meditations that then perplexed me; I might be

surveying the past, the present, and future, with a spirit's eye, and have forgotten that I had ever lived amid time and space.

* * *

My friend and I remained looking upon the active scene. Directly opposite to us was the *Consigne*, or office of health, near which floated several boats belonging to the vessels which were in quarantine, and who were receiving their provisions through the iron gratings of the little room, in which the officer of health makes his appearance, and presides at their distribution. No person can now quit the harbour even in a small boat, without express permission from the Board of Health; and the Catalan fishermen are all obliged to come up to the office the moment they enter the port, to give a strict account, upon the crucifix, of their proceedings at sea. Some of them were just sailing in and up to the *Consigne*. Further on, upon the quay, stood the beautiful *Hôtel de Ville*, the work of Puget,

who was a sculptor, painter, and architect. The open space before it was thronged with merchants and brokers of all nations, awaiting the opening of 'Change. "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and strangers of Rome, Jews and Proselytes, Cretes and Arabians,"—they were all mingled together for the same end. There they were, bartering and exchanging the produce of the soft climes of the South for the ruder productions of Northern regions: the rich juice of the olive might be given for the dark Norwegian pine; and those glowing fruits of vegetable gold that had glittered upon the shores of their native seas, would be sent to the fogs and mists of London, in traffic for some of its more solid merchandise.

As we continued to look down upon the quay, some of the German students I have before alluded to, made their appearance among the crowd, looking like a party of wandering Huns, with their fur caps, bearded faces, and long

white hair. Two or three police agents were lurking at some distance from them, and seemed watching their motions. "Look at those barbarians!" said my companion to me, "for what other name can we give them, in spite of their enthusiasm in the cause which they are come here to support? The least glance of astonishment at their singular dress is enough to excite their instant wrath. I remember once to have been very nearly engaged in a serious dispute with a brother student of theirs at Heidelberg, where one of their academical detachments is quartered. We were sitting in the same room, and were the only persons there, and the fellow would insist that I understood German sufficiently well to converse with him, but that I would not do so from pride. They have, however, conducted themselves quietly enough here, *grace à la police*, that, like the ever-wakeful Cerberus, hears and sees all. Its vigilance is really surprising; and a circumstance happened to me which will show

you the exact information that it receives of every body's motions. I was returning from Cette, a small port in Languedoc, to Lyons. In the public carriage I found a very agreeable Frenchman; and as our journey was a long one, we became intimate. He was lively, sang numerous songs, and the journey seemed by no means tedious. We made two or three excursions together upon the road, and, as he said that he was going to reside at Lyons, I congratulated myself upon having formed an acquaintance with so agreeable a person. For in this country these intimacies are very frequent among travellers, who remain together sometimes a week or ten days. We arrived at Lyons, proceeded to the same inn, and were sitting over our dessert after dinner. All of a sudden the door was thrown open, and three or four gensdarmes walked in: '*Le voilà*,' said they all, and I turned as pale as death, I am sure, for they said, 'O Sir, don't be alarmed; our business is with this gentleman;' and turning

to my companion, I perceived him pale and trembling. The gensdarmes carried him off. I made enquiries in the inn about this extraordinary circumstance, but they could tell me nothing; so away I went to the Commissary of Police. The moment the man saw me, he said, 'Oh, I know what you want; but make yourself easy, we know very well how you became acquainted with that man;' and then he recounted to me all we had done on our way to Lyons. 'But you will never see him again. He had been transported for some political offence, and since he has chosen to return before his time, we have sent him to the gallies.'

"I remember, too, that at the *Restaurateur's* at Paris, where I used to dine, there came a gentleman very smartly dressed, with the cross of the Legion of Honour. He used to fare most sumptuously, and all the waiters paid him uncommon attention. I concluded him to be a person of great rank; and so indeed he was; for

I was afterwards told that he was supported by the Government, and that he dined about in this way as a spy upon the proceedings of other persons; at least, so it was strongly suspected."

* * *

I went to-day to look at the chateau which stands below my house, and which belonged formerly to the director Barras: it is deserted; for the republican, if alive, is now in exile. It excites impressive reflections to see so many of the persons that were concerned in the terrible scenes of the Revolution, now almost all either in banishment, or in untimely graves. And he, too, the modern Cæsar, the *vir ambitionis vi commutatus et commotus*, who would have exhausted worlds, and then invented new—he, too, is gone to his scanty sepulchre! Born on a barren and rude rock, he has died upon one. After having wielded the thunders of war, and ruled almost the whole world, he dwindled away into a captive, railing at his keeper, like the

rich and titled gamester in his cell. He set his power upon the hazard of a cast, and lost it! and mortification and

> "The fiery spirit working forth its way,
> Wasted the puny body to decay."

I have been shown a portrait of Madame de Maintenon. This is another instance of the tide in the affairs of men, which may lead on to fortune, if taken. Her history is singular. Passing her earliest infancy in a dungeon, where she even then gave indications of her wit and spirit, by replying to a taunt of the gaoler's daughter as to her being poor, "*Oui, c'est vrai, mais je suis demoiselle, et tu ne l'es pas.*" Becoming afterwards the wife of a worn-out libertine, whose pains and infirmities she soothed, and attracted as much society to his house by her powers of conversation, as her husband by his humour. And finally dying the widow of the proudest monarch of Europe, to whose children she had been governess. So completely did she

fascinate the attention of those who listened to her, that upon one occasion the servant is reported to have whispered to her, "Another story, Madame, for there is no roast to-day." Madame de Maintenon amused herself by writing poetry occasionally; and I lately met with the following specimen of her powers of composition, written in the character of a gaoleress.

"Ah! l'ingrat, le maudit metier
Que le metier de Géolière;
Il faut être barbare et fière,
Il faut enrager un pauvre prisonnier;
Ah! ce n'est pas là ma manière.

"Ceux que je prends dans mes liens
D'eux-même sont venus s'y rendre;
Je n'ai pas cherché les moyens
De leur plaire, ou de les surprendre.
Prison ou liberté je leur donne à choisir,
Et je puis dire sans être vaine,
Je prends mes captifs sans plaisir,
Et je sais les garder sans peine."

December 28th. We have had for these four days the most tempestuous weather. On the day preceding Christmas-day, I walked to Marseilles in the morning, intending to return at night. I had, at first, determined upon not quitting my house till all the *fêtes* and rejoicings incident to this season were past, as all these things recall other and happier days to me. But my friend, the young English pedestrian, having come up here, prevailed upon me to accompany him back to the city. His society is very agreeable to me, just suiting the tone of my mind. We rambled out to the other side of the city towards a chateau called Borelli, which is beautifully situated, and its marble statues and terrace are bathed by the waters of the sea. This chateau derives its Italian name, I was told, from a Count Borelli, a Genoese nobleman, who married the heiress of the property. There are a few pictures within it, particularly one representing the Chevalier Rose superintending the burial of

the dead, during the great plague which raged at Marseilles. We strolled about the gardens, and dined in a small inn, from whence we had a beautiful prospect of the sea, the vineyards, and the lofty rock called Marseille Boyré, upon which is the famous grotto called *la baume de Rolland*. On the coast, a little beyond the chateau, are the ruins of an old house, with a large fig-tree growing among its broken walls; close by it were stationed a party of the troops employed in guarding against any infringement of the quarantine regulations; and at some distance, sheltered by a small point of rock, lay a few of the suspicious vessels. Further off, were the three islands, which lie like blockading vessels in view of the harbour, called, If, Pomegue, and Ratoneau. In the first is the famous castle d'If, which was formerly used as a prison of state. Pomegue lies at a greater distance, and it is there that the vessels which come from the Levant perform quarantine. Ratoneau is bare

and deserted. Its castle was built in the time of Francis I. (who paid several visits to Marseilles) to protect the harbour from the attacks of the Spaniards. Francis, shortly after his accession to the throne, came here, and was received in a most sumptuous manner. Among the curious shows which had been provided to entertain him, was a battle, in which the combatants pelted each other with oranges; and the gallant King, says the old Chronicle, being always fond of reaping glory, having taken a buckler and joined in the onset, "*fit de fort beaux coups, après avant reçu quelques-uns à la teste et à le corps.*" In 1597 a small fort was built, which was garrisoned by a party of invalids. A curious circumstance is told of one of these soldiers. He was the corporal, and commanded a party consisting of four men. He took it into his head that he was the King or Lord of the Isle, the monarch of all he surveyed, "from the centre all round to the sea." His garrison had

gone one day to fetch provisions, and on their return were wonderfully surprised to be received in a hostile manner by the governor, who threatened to fire upon them if they approached. The man remained unmolested in his new dominions for a short time; but at last, having become extremely troublesome to the fishermen, whom he compelled, with the gun of the fort, to bring him provisions, two stout men approached the island, with a white flag, and requested refuge in his Majesty's states from persecution. The King of Ratoneau, like his brother Persian, received the unfortunate exiles who had relied upon his magnanimity. He was, besides, well pleased to have some one to partake in the fatigue of the government of so large an empire. They were admitted; but the treacherous and sacrilegious intruders laid immediate hands upon his sacred majesty, and carried him to an hospital for the deranged, where he died.

As we returned from our excursion, the wea-

ther, which had been for some time past invariably calm and bright, seemed to be changing. The waves began to murmur in that sort of low prophetic tone that frequently precedes a tempest, and the clouds were darkening and gathering above the city. There is a tall white column erected in a conspicuous part of the city, in memory of those persons who perished through their exertions in the plague; and this was now rearing itself against the dark and threatening background of cloud, like the *pillar* of salt which suddenly shot up and sparkled amid the blackness and desolation of the perishing and disobedient cities.

I accompanied my friend to the *café*, which I have before mentioned; and we took some refreshment. My old friends, the Turks, were there, and the usual complement of singing clerks and captains.

I soon left the *café*, and walked out upon the quay, which was close by. It was Christ-

mas-eve. The churches were all bright with the preparations for the midnight-mass; but the quays were deserted, except by the *Douaniers*, or custom-house officers, who were pacing along in front of the vessels. The tempest had now set in; the masts were all rocking, and their ropes creaking; while the wind howled through the long street of *la Canebière*, which leads up from the port, like the roaring sea itself. Further down towards the mouth of the harbour, were part of the vessels in quarantine, rolling and heaving upon their anchors, as if they were about to slip them, and hurry among the other ships. I mounted the *Place de la Tourette*, which extends along to the right as far as an ancient church, which I have before alluded to; and from thence I could hear the storm raging among the rocks and caverns which line the coast; and I could just distinguish two or three vessels, which were performing quarantine at one of the islands, labouring and striving against

the vast rolling billows. The clouds were driving along like a flying army; while, just in one quarter of the heavens, I could at intervals discover a solitary star, that seemed as if it were endeavouring to chase away the darkness and dreariness of the scene.

It was Christmas-eve.—Good God! Here was, indeed, a type of my life before me. How many times upon this anniversary had the quiet waters slept beneath the bright and starry sky. Perhaps, for many years before, the night preceding the holy festival of our church had been soft and undisturbed by aught but the hymn of the Catalan, as he was returning from fishing; or the dance and song of the joyous citizens, who might have been assembled where I then stood; while some vessel, that had just returned from its distant voyage across the Atlantic, might have been gently dropping into harbour with its streamers, and shouts of *Noel! Noel!* But now all was different. The

waters were black as the heavens above them. The fishermen were safely housed in their cabins, and shuddering, or repeating their Ave, as they listened to the wild uproar. The place where I stood was dark, cold, and desolate; and the morning would, perhaps, rise upon a sad scene of ruin and wreck.

And such it is with me! The winds which whistled by me, came from the north: they had passed over England, where my prospects were once as happy and smiling as the day which had preceded the storm, and from which I was now for ever severed by the unkind breakers of misfortune. Even then, were those I still loved, and with whom I could have lived in friendship and pleasure under other circumstances, gathering round the cheerful hearth, amidst affection and comfort; stirring the fire, and drawing the curtains closer as the tempest increased, and wearing away the social evening in domestic and peaceful amusements. And so was I once; but then I

was a child: as a man, I was not destined to be happy; the storm that was to break over me, even in my infancy, might have been heard muttering in the distance. Yet it might have passed away, I might have weathered it; others have done so, and swept triumphantly into port; but my pilot was less cautious, and my vessel carried too much sail.

Descending from the *Tourette*, I returned along the quay. The midnight-mass had commenced. At one end of the harbour, and at the entrance of a small street, I could see the glittering windows of a church. The wind, as it occasionally blew aside the crimson curtain which hung down before the open door, showed me the altar, with its tapers, and flowers, and silver crucifix. Presently I could hear the loud tones of the organ, mingling itself with the voices of the choristers; and as I advanced nearer, all this was again hushed by the sound of the little tinkling bell, which announced the elevation of

the Host. The church was crowded to excess, and around the door knelt a great number of persons, bending their foreheads to the earth, as the priest held aloft the holy image. All was still, save the howling of the wind, and the rushing and raging of the sea; while a rich cloud of incense spread itself through the church, and floated out upon the prostrate throng. Suddenly the organ burst majestically forth into the triumphal *Te Deum*, and the loud and harmonious chorus echoed down from the gallery. The mass shortly after concluded. I remained wandering about till daybreak. It was then past four, and I felt no inclination for sleep.

* * *

The storm has done its bidding:—a gallant vessel has been wrecked, and the whole coast is covered with floating spars, and logs of wood, and all the miserable remnants of what yesterday was walking "the waters like a thing of life."

* * *

It appears that the vessel which has terminated its voyage thus fatally, was an American, from Campêche, laden with the wood of that name, which is used for dyeing, and which is scattered all along the coast. She was performing quarantine, but anchored in an unsafe position, too near some rocks, which ate into her cables, and, during the worst fury of the tempest, she drove upon that part of the coast in the direction of the Chateau Borelli, which is there steep and rugged. The mast was within a leap of the rock, which the crew succeeded in gaining, except one man, and he, too, the pilot, who had but entered the vessel a day or two before, and whose foot slipping as he was preparing to take the leap, he fell headlong into the boiling gulph below. The crew remained huddled together upon a narrow ridge of the cliff, which rose up straight and steep above them; while the vast breakers threw their spray and surf upon them in disappointed malice. They called for help, but the

wind roared too loudly, and drowned their feeble voices. When the day broke, however, the shivering and trembling men were removed, and safely conveyed to the Lazaretto. Such a circumstance has not occurred to the vessels in quarantine, I was told, for many years.

* * *

Christmas-day was passed amidst the usual festivities which then take place in these countries. But many of the old Provençal customs have been discontinued, which are alone interesting to the observer of human nature; for, in spite of the general gaiety of French *fêtes*, I think that the celebration of Christmas-day in England is the most affecting and beautiful festival that can be witnessed. There is no pomp of incense and richly-robed priest; the churches are not loaded with silks and tapestries,—all is plain and unassuming; the simple and fresh holly, ranged in regular lines along the aisle,—the tasteful and arduous task of the more than

usually attentive pew-openers;—the happy servants trooping-in in their new clothes, and with the just received Christmas-box; the impressive prayers and collects uttered and understood by the whole congregation; the Christmas-hymn sung with additional spirit and melody by the neat charity-children, in their fair white caps and bright green gowns; and the appropriate sermon, the remembering of whose text is to be the test and trial of many an anxious child, awaiting, in hope delayed, the mysterious and long-promised gift. And then, when the religious service of the day is concluded, when long separated friends and kin are met round the amply covered board, the street resounding with music and song, in single and impressive contrast to the usual termination of a holy day in England. Here one *fête* telleth another: all is glitter, and banner, and show,—which may heat the imagination, which may dazzle the ignorant, but cannot touch the quiet and lasting feelings of the heart.

January 2.—As I had not seen the good hermit for a considerable time, I yesterday went up to his cell. I found him sitting at the entrance, reading. He had not perceived my approach, so intent was he upon his book. I stood still for a moment to look at him. His face might have served as a model for Rembrandt, shadowy and contemplative, such as that of the Philosopher in meditation, which has always struck me as one of the finest compositions of that painter. The rustling of a wild rabbit among the herbs, which had been alarmed at my approach, made him raise his head; and he then saw me. "Ah! my son," said he, "I have long looked for thee, and wondered at thy delay. Have the pleasures and festivities of the city made thee forget thy sorrows and me?" "Oh no! good father," I replied, "I had not forgotten you; but I have been endeavouring to look abroad from my own reflections, and observe what passes in the city. Its *fêtes* and amusements have no charms for

me; but they afford me food for thoughts and observations, which distract, in some degree, my attention from myself." "Alas! my son," said the hermit, "that city, which now is the source of some relief to you, would only revive in me the remembrance of the horrors and distresses I have seen and felt there. Great God! when I look down upon it now, and see it full of busy and happy beings, hurrying through the crowded streets, and celebrating the opening year; when I cast my eyes upon the long road, and behold it covered with merchandize, and travellers hastening towards its walls,—I think of the time when that road was unoccupied, save by troops of soldiers, who were encamped around, and cutting off all communication with that miserable city. I see again the streets filled with far different sights than those which throng them now; and my own sufferings and losses seem fresh and recent." And he bent his head upon his breast, and wept. I was much affected by his

distress, and remained silent. "If you are come to me for comfort, young man," he continued, "my instruction and advice cannot teach you such resignation as the history of the events which have occurred to me. The day is warm and bright; sit down here beside me upon this smooth rock, and I will relate to you my sorrows. The fig-trees will shade you; and should the noon-day sun reach us, I have good store of fruits to refresh us, in my cell."—I sat down upon the rock, from whence I could see the city, and part of the Lazaretto, to which latter some boats were seen hastily moving, as if from the infected ships.

CHAPTER X.

Age and misfortune, began the hermit, make sad changes in man. Once I was strong, and full of hope and ambition; but time has told me many a tale of experience and disappointment. I was the son of a merchant of Marseilles; my father had long carried on a successful trade with the Levant, and realized a considerable property. He had married early in life the daughter of a Spanish merchant, who had resided some time at Marseilles, and who was a native of Cadiz. He was still living when I was born, and my father's correspondent in that city. I was an only child, and fortune and every prospect of happiness seemed mine. I had from infancy been attached to the daughter of a friend of my father; we had grown up to-

gether; and it was settled that, upon my return from Cadiz, where my father had occasion to send me to transact some business, we should be married. I quitted Marseilles in the month of February, and reached Cadiz in safety. The business which I had come upon detained me there till the commencement of May, and I was beginning to make my preparations for returning home. A vessel belonging to my father was expected shortly to arrive, and I was to return with her. She did arrive, and brought me letters. My family and my beloved Aimée were all well; but my father mentioned that some alarm had been excited at Marseilles, on account of a vessel having lately arrived from Syria, and which was supposed to be infected with the plague. But, he added, that the reports of the physicians, who had attended and examined the few persons who were ill on board, were favourable, and that the terror was subsiding. I could not help feeling a little uneasiness and agitation

at this intelligence, and was very anxious that the vessel should complete her cargo, that we might sail immediately. At length that moment arrived; and as we made but little way, I used impatiently to pace the deck daily, and almost nightly, watching for the Mountain of St. Victor, which first presents itself to the homeward-bound vessel. Our voyage was tedious; the weather was beautifully bright and clear, but the winds were too gentle and soft for my wishes. The deep-blue waters were like those of some inland lake, and the sea-birds floated and almost slept upon their smooth surface. I beguiled the time as well as I could, by reading and conversing with the Captain, who was an old experienced sailor, and told me many a tale of peril as I paced the deck with him, when the sun had gone down. I am old and forgetful now, and all the pleasure I experienced in listening to them is almost effaced from my memory; yet I can still recollect the awe and interest with which I heard him tell of

the time when he had been wrecked; and I will endeavour to relate what he said, in his own words, which made great impression upon me at the time. It was in the Bay of Biscay, as he told me, not far from the mouth of the Gironde, which runs down from Bourdeaux. "For some days the weather had been as still and smiling as it is now," said he, "and the bay was looking as innocent as if it knew nothing of the bones and treasures that it had swallowed up. The pilot-boats were flitting about with their dingy sails, and watching for their work. But sailors are not to be deceived by the treachery of the winds and waves; and there was a little oval cloud hovering in the west that we had often seen, and knew well what it meant; so I ordered every thing," continued the Captain, "to be kept close and steady, and as night came on, I had almost all our sail taken in. I knew that we were not far from the mouth of the Gironde, and we were looking out for the light on the

Tower of Cordouan. A bright star was just rising, and we at first mistook it for the beacon; but as it gradually lifted itself into the sky, we laughed at ourselves for ignorant landsmen. At last, however, I spied the little flame twinkling and glimmering through the darkness, and glad enough we all were to see it. Just then a light breeze got up from the westward, and I had the rest of our sail taken in, that we might lie-to for the night. We had scarcely made fast our ropes, and got all safe, when the wind freshened, and in seven or eight minutes was blowing a hurricane. You have never been in the Bay," said the Captain to me, "so you can't tell what a place it is: currents, and rocks, and sands, and a sea as high as the mast of one of our ships at Toulon! The night was as black as ink, and we went flying along straight towards the land, which I knew must be about three leagues off. All of a sudden the man at the helm uttered a terrible shout, and there came driving past us a

large hull, keel uppermost. So much for the poor souls within her," added the Captain; "they should have taken-in their sail in time. But it was a terrible sight; my men all crossed themselves; and I made a vow to our Lady, that if I got my ship safe into port, I would hang up a model of her in the old church of St. Andrew at Bourdeaux, and repeat ten *aves* a-day for a week." Here, said the Hermit, I remember he was interrupted in his account by a cry from the man at the helm, of Look out a-head there! and, turning round, we saw a large ship bearing down upon us. She came up, and hailed us. It was a frigate, engaged in cruising, as the Algerines were supposed to be abroad. The Captain mentioned whither we were bound, and we were allowed to pass on. He then continued, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words: "We drove on, our sails all in shreds and tatters, one of our masts split in two, and the waves sweeping about the

deck like hungry wolves. Presently we heard them roaring and boiling upon a ridge of rocks which stretch along at some distance from the shore, and we could just see their white heads breaking about; but a tremendous billow threw us over them, and we breathed again. It would not do, though; for we soon heard our keel grounding and grating among the sands," said he, "like the growling of a sea-monster. My men directly hauled over the boat, and all, except another man and myself, leaped in; but they had not got, I am sure, five yards from the ship, when I heard a deadly yell, and the boat came floating past with a poor creature clinging to it, who was swept off in a moment by the breaking of a huge wave. The man and myself," he continued, "passed a horrid night; but luckily the ship stuck so fast in the sands, that she remained steady; and having lashed ourselves to the stern-posts, we got through till morning. The tide seemed to be falling, and I began to be alarmed lest it should loosen, and

carry us out to sea. But, *grace à Dieu!* in about five hours time it left us nearly dry, and we both waded ashore. One of our kegs of brandy had been washed up; and my man," said the Captain very truly, "like a wicked ungrateful heretic as he was, fell to drinking it, instead of going down upon his knees and returning thanks to the Virgin; but he had his reward, for he drank so much that he died upon the spot. I got assistance from the people of the country, and saved some of my cargo; but my ship, poor thing! was soon knocked all to pieces. But here I am," concluded the Captain, "having made many more voyages since that; and by to-morrow morning I hope we shall see St. Victor's crag peeping up to welcome us back."

In this at least he was right, for towards daybreak the next morning the long line of rocky coast, which forms the bay of Marseilles, opened upon us, and St. Victor's rock appeared above all in the distance. The sailors saluted it with

the usual cries of "*La Victoria! la Victoria! lou deloubrou de la Victoria!*" and we sailed slowly up to the Island of Pomegue, where every vessel is compelled to bring-to. Our bill of health was in a perfect state, and I anticipated no delay, as we came from a port which was not suspected of being infected with any contagious disease. But it appeared that the recent alarm had made the officers of health more than usually cautious; for we were ordered to remain at Pomegue till further orders. My impatience was at its height, and if I had dared, or if it had been possible, I should have instantly left the ship, and gone on shore; but, by so doing, I should have rendered myself liable to be fired upon. I remained therefore, daily looking towards the city, some of whose white houses, and the old fort above the harbour, I could distinguish, and wishing myself with my Aimée on the banks of the quiet Huveaune, where my father had a chateau. The heat was excessive, and our vessel lay exposed to the burning rays of

the sun, which glared upon the dry and barren rock where we were anchored. Four days passed over; and at length the Captain received permission to place himself at the entrance of the harbour, where he was to remain for two subsequent days. As we took our station, I looked round upon the quay, and saw my father and mother, with Aimée, standing near the fort of Saint Nicholas, part of which, as you may have observed, still exists. The ramparts of the fort were covered with soldiers, who were watching us and another vessel that was making her way out of the harbour. You are not aware, perhaps, that this fort was built by Louis the Fourteenth, at the suggestion of Cardinal de Mazarin, to curb the restless disposition of us Provençals; and that he is said to have remarked upon the occasion, that he would have his *bastide* too at Marseilles.

My father and mother, and, alas! dear Aimée, waved their hands; and I murmured at the precautions which detained me from them, and

which I considered unnecessary. At last, however, our quarantine concluded; and early on the third morning I hurried into one of the small boats that ply in the harbour, and in a few minutes was clasped in my father's and mother's arms. I then hurried off to Aimée, whom I found at her father's; and sweet and joyful was our meeting. "I am come at last," said I, "my soft bride; the sleepy envious winds have made me cast many a longing look towards the glowing clouds that I knew were hanging over my native city; but, dear Aimée, have you thought of me, and prayed for me in my absence?"

"Prayed for you, Henri?" said she; "every morning and night, as the matin and vesper bells have tolled, I have gone to the old cathedral, and knelt before Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of mariners; and I have made a vow too, dear Henri, that if you came back safe, I would go up in the noon-day sun to our ladies' fort on the rock, and hang up thy picture on the white

walls. And when we were alarmed about the plague, your father and mother would not write till all immediate danger was over; lest, should we have been visited by it, you should have returned; and I am sure I had rather have died, too, than have wished you to come." I threw my arms round her, and we felt that innocent and unspeakable happiness which two persons, who have been separated for the first time since their infancy, feel when they meet again. Her father came in, and welcomed me with tenderness; and I proposed to him to fix the day for our marriage.

"Oh!" said he, "you must talk to Aimée about that;" but Aimée had disappeared, and I went in search of her. I found her in a small garden that looked on the country, which she had filled with carnations and jasmin, which were shaded by some almond-trees.

"Aimée," said I, "do you love your flowers better than Henri, then, that you have left him for t hem? Sure, your love is not like yon pale jasmin,

that stands cold and white beside those blushing roses? Come, my well-beloved, let us talk of our marriage. The dark beauties of Spain have had no power to cloud the light that thy soft blue eyes have shed upon my heart. We have loved one another since we were children, and let us soon vow at the altar that our love shall cleave to us till we die."

"O let me attend to my flowers," said Aimée, "they are all parched and drooping: I declare I have quite neglected them of late, to think of you."

"But now that I am come," said I, "you will neglect me for your flowers! Oh, Aimée, I am sure I have thought daily and hourly of you when I was on the shores of Andalusia, and I have counted the minutes and hours that must elapse before I could call you wife; and now you affect indifference, and seem to be ignorant of my wishes."

"Oh, no, dearest Henri!" said she, taking my hands, "forgive the passing pleasure which I

took in teazing you. I have loved you when we used to ramble among the olives, on the banks of the Huveaune, and gather wild shrubs and flowers—I have loved you all my days; and when you will, I am ready to promise to love you as a wife for ever."—Such words as these may seem strange for an old withered man like myself, but then I was young and straight, and these white straggling hairs that streak my forehead were then dark and glossy, and pleasing to the eye of woman. Every word, every minute of that happy time, is present to my mind, as the departing sailor sees the quay crowded with his friends, though the coast be like a speck upon the sea. Well, my son, we were married;—alas! alas! well do I recollect that day;—and as I clasped my tender Aimée in my arms, I thought that my life was to be one of bliss and domestic comfort; and such did I taste during the first week of our union. But soon a fresh alarm began to arise in the city. The circumstances

which had first excited uneasiness respecting the plague, it appeared, were these:

Intelligence had reached Marseilles, in the month of April, that the greatest part of the Syrian cities, and those of Palestine, were afflicted with the plague. Some time in the same month a vessel had arrived at Pomegue, which came from Tripoli; its bill, or certificate, of health was unsatisfactory and soiled, because it had left that port about the thirty-first of January, and after the plague had shown itself in the place from whence it came. The captain stated, that he had put into Leghorn, and that he had there lost, by sickness, six of his crew; but the report of the physicians of that town stated, that these men had died of malignant fevers, arising from bad nourishment. A few days, however, after the arrival of the vessel at Pomegue, one of the crew died; and on the following day his body was removed from the ship, and examined;—the principal surgeons of the city, by their report, declared that they had not disco-

vered any symptoms of contagious disease, and this tranquillized the general alarm. The Board of Health then proceeded to make fresh regulations respecting the quarantine, which was fixed to be for forty days. Towards the end of the same month, three other vessels arrived at the islands: one from Seide, which harbour it had left since the plague had shown itself there; another from the same place; and the third from Alexandria. They were ordered to perform strict quarantine. The terror which the arrival of the first vessel had excited had now subsided, and it was just at this period that I returned to Marseilles. The circumstances which then occurred, I have told you; and Aimée and I were just thinking of visiting our favourite walks on the banks of the Huveaune, and passing some delicious weeks there, when it was reported in the city that one of the guards, which were stationed on board the vessels performing quarantine to prevent any infraction of the sanitary laws, had died; but it was also said, that the surgeons had

examined his body, and had made the same satisfactory report as before. Still a second occurrence of this nature left an uneasy impression upon the mind; but when the passengers of these very ships had finished their quarantine, and were allowed to communicate with their friends, we began again to recover from our dread. Suddenly, however, a report was again spread that another of the crew, and a porter, who had been employed in removing the cargo, had fallen ill. The day after, the report was confirmed; with the addition, that two more men on board another vessel had likewise been taken ill. Two days after, my father, who was one of the Syndics of the town, received intelligence that all the four had died; but this circumstance was concealed from the people in general. The surgeons again, upon an examination of the bodies, made precisely the same report as before. The Board of Health, however, notwithstanding these several reports, determined upon separating the suspicious vessels from the rest, and

sent them to perform their quarantine at a remote island. My father received constant intelligence from the Board of Health of all that was passing, but carefully concealed it from my mother; and, in acquainting me with the circumstances, recommended my observing the same precaution to my wife. Poor Aimée! she was surprised at my frequent conferences with my father, and used to chide me so fondly and so sweetly, saying, "That I was keeping some secret from her, and that I was cruel to irritate the chief failing of her sex by such mystery." But we were unwilling to communicate to those so dear to us, the restless uneasiness my father and myself both felt; and as I kissed her, I told her that we were preparing a festival for her. —Alas! I little thought what that festival would be.

A few days after the death of the last persons, two others fell ill, and died. The surgeons who examined them made the usual report; but the next day, an individual belonging to the fa-

mily of one of them died, as also a third porter employed on board the ships; and then the surgeons declared that they had reason to suspect contagious disease. The matter now began to assume a serious aspect, and dispatches were sent off by my father to the Council of Marine at Paris, and to the Governor of the Province. The magistrates assembled at the *Hôtel de Ville;* and all the chief physicians of the city being admitted, stated, that they had discovered evident symptoms of contagion in a house to which they had been called. A guard was immediately stationed at the door of this house, and all communication with its inmates strictly forbidden. The next day, however, the person upon whom the physicians had discovered the unfavourable symptoms died; and his wife, who was also ill, soon followed him. The bodies were removed during the night, to avoid spreading the alarm, and buried under the superintendence of a Syndic;—the house was blocked up. Thus matters

continued for some time, occasional cases of disease and death occurring; but the contagion not appearing to make any progress, and as it had been impossible to conceal all these circumstances from the city, every body began again to breathe more freely, and to hope that the alarm had been groundless. The populace even went so far as to insult the physicians and magistrates, who had recommended the continuation of the strict precautions which had been adopted.

The theatres were again filled with the abandoned and dissipated; who, struck with terror at the idea of such a termination to their vicious lives, had shrunk, appalled, from their usual haunts, and had begun to frequent the churches. The quays began again to look gay and busy; for the preceding events had caused such a panic, that every one avoided the neighbourhood of the harbour, as the contagion was supposed to lurk there. My father's house was upon the quay which fronts the mouth of the port, and

from thence we could, with the aid of a glass, discover the banished ships that were lying still and lonely at the farthest island. We were now in the month of July, and the heat of the sun was intense: the *Mistral*, our preserver from sickness and disease, had not passed through the dusty and burning streets for many weeks; and the sea presented an unbroken line of glittering brightness far as the eye could reach. Aimée and I went to our dear Huveaune, and there we passed a week of peace and freshness, amidst the green fig-trees and the rich flowers that flourish there—an Eden in the midst of a dry and arid wilderness; but at the end of that week, I received a letter from my father, informing me that fifteen persons had fallen ill in the *Rue de l'Escale*, one of the streets of the old town, which you may have observed behind the right side of the harbour; in whose dark and narrow recesses one might almost expect to find the true descendants of our Greek founders.

My father, however, added, that the physicians who had examined these persons, by no means stated positively that they were attacked by the plague. I determined upon immediately returning to the city; and Aimée, to whom I had now been obliged to communicate the contents of my father's letter, insisted upon accompanying me. "Never shall it be said of me, that I remained among the cool groves of our *bastide*," said she, "and left you to go alone, to risk your self in that burning and threatening city. No! if God is pleased to visit these devoted walls with some dreadful scourge, at least I will share the perils and labours that it may impose upon those whose situation requires exertion." We returned: but in our way we met many of the inhabitants flying to the country, with as much of their property as they could carry with them. Aimée turned pale as she remarked them, but said nothing; and we arrived towards evening at my father's. He was not

at his house; and my mother, whom we found in great agitation, told us that he was gone to the *Hôtel de Ville.* Leaving Aimée with her, I hurried thither; and inquiring for my father, was admitted into the room where the Council was assembled. The physicians were making their report respecting the fifteen persons who had fallen ill, and added, that eight of them had died. Still they would not give any positive opinion as to the nature of their disease; but the Syndics resolved upon taking the strictest precautions, and had all the bodies removed at midnight. The houses where the disease had terminated so fatally, were all fumigated and blocked up; and strong guards posted at the entrance of the narrow street, to prevent all communication with it. Fresh alarm was now again excited; the quays were all deserted, and every body hurried through the streets in suspicious haste. The churches were again filled with kneeling and terrified crowds, who

made innumerable vows; and the confessionals were thronged with trembling penitents. To add to the general dismay, a decree of the Parliament of Aix was sent forth, forbidding all communication between the country and the city; and, from the higher parts of the public walk, parties of troops might be seen stationing themselves all round the walls, and taking the appearance of a besieging army, while the vineyards and fields were filled with tents, and furniture, and terrified crowds. I would have sent Aimée to our *bastide;* but if she would have gone, that was now impossible; for its quiet groves were probably occupied by the soldiery who were stationed in that quarter. It was bitter to me to think that those walks where we had so lately wandered, and those flowers that we had watched and watered ourselves, would now be trampled upon by the rude and careless steps of these men. The existence of the plague within the city was now

positively ascertained; no further hesitation or doubt remained upon the minds of the physicians, and they had proposed, as a sure preventive to its spreading, that fires should be lighted at sunset through every street of the city. Accordingly, as soon as the evening-gun had announced to all vessels at sea that the harbour was closed for the night, at one and the same moment, the piles of wood which had been heaped up in every quarter were kindled, and spread their red light over the white city. I shall never forget the scene. The flames arose in thick and smoking volumes, and showed, indistinctly, the numerous crowds that were standing around watching their progress; some of whom appeared almost to imagine that they were to work an immediate and beneficial effect. The waters of the harbour seemed like a sheet of fire; and the ships that crossed the bay that night must have thought that the city was a prey to some dreadful conflagration. The Syndics

passed through all the streets, accompanied by a body of troops; and at length the morning arose bright and cheering upon the still awake and wandering crowd. I had accompanied my father part of the night in his duties, but I quitted him when we reached the *Place Saint Ferreol,* and hastened to my mother and Aimée, who were together. They were sitting at the open window of our house that looked, as I have said, upon the harbour and quay, and gazing upon the awful scene before them. My mother inquired anxiously where I had left my father, and seemed in the greatest alarm about him. Aimée, my dear affectionate wife, endeavoured to tranquillize her, though I could perceive that she was far from feeling the confidence she was endeavouring to inspire. "Dear mother," said she, "all will yet be well; Henri here thinks so, —don't you think so, Henri?" Alas! I did not think so; but I spoke encouragingly to the dear beings that seemed to look to me for comfort.

"I trust and hope it will be so," said I; "the wood has burnt bravely, and the whole city is filled with its smoke and smell, which will check and kill the plague if it be still clinging among our garments and houses. Besides, look at those clouds yonder, surely they portend the *Mistral*, whose fresh breath will sweep up the *Canebière*, and dispense coolness and cheerfulness around. Cheer up, dearest mother! let us welcome my father, after his arduous duty, with smiles. See, he is coming now, with that good and gallant man the Chevalier Rose." My father, accompanied by the Chevalier, came in, and we anxiously questioned him upon the state in which the city now was. Their account was rather encouraging; no fresh case of disease had occurred, and much benefit was expected from the influence of the fires. "It is singular," said the Chevalier, "that the government has afforded us no assistance: our provision must shortly fail, the city is full of beggars;—as we are cut

off from all communication with the country, I fear we shall be shortly in great want of supplies." At this moment a message arrived from the *Hôtel de Ville*, begging the attendance of the Chevalier and my father immediately; and we heard a loud uproar upon the quay. The people were clamorous for bread, as the flour, which the city had contained, was almost all exhausted. My mother and Aimée retired from the window, which I closed, saying, "This is nothing, don't be alarmed, a few soft words and promises will soon quiet them. Dear Aimée, why do you tremble so?" and she fainted in my arms. My mother and myself sprinkled her forehead with water, and when she recovered, she burst into tears. "It is I that am the coward now!" said she; "but, indeed, the sight of those wild-looking men has filled me with terror; what would become of us if the desperate populace were to rise?" "Oh! fear not that, my love," said I; "the Chevalier knows their hu-

mour well, and ere now will have soothed them into patience." And I was not deceiving them, for presently we heard loud shouting, and cries of "*Vive le Chevalier Rose notre bienfaiteur!*" echoed along the harbour. I persuaded my dear mother and Aimée to take some rest; and, leaving the house, hastened to the *Hôtel de Ville*, which I found surrounded by a crowd of persons of all descriptions. They seemed to be in the utmost agitation, and repeatedly shouted Saint Roch! Saint Roch! I recollected that the following day was the festival of that Saint, who was worshipped as our protector and guardian from pestilence. The Syndics had determined upon preventing the customary procession, as they dreaded the great increase of the contagion which might thus be caused; but the ignorant and infatuated throng obstinately insisted upon its taking place; and such was their fury, that the Syndics were obliged to give way; and even the Chevalier Rose, who had tranquillized their

first clamour for bread, was unable to prevail upon them to give up the procession. Accordingly, the next morning by daybreak the whole city was flocking into the streets; and even those who had remained panic-stricken within their houses for some weeks, now made their appearance, as if the influence of the Saint would dispel all the noxious and poisonous air around them. The procession, accompanied by the Syndics and a body of troops, set out from the church, which you may have remarked on one side of the *Cours*, and passing down the *Rue de Canebière*, came out upon the quay; there it halted, and the scene was singularly awful and impressive. The vessels were all covered with flags, and manned with their crews in their best attire; while the houses all along the quays were hung with green boughs and crimson silk and tapestries. A party of troops, with drums and trumpets, preceded the procession. A long line of monks and friars was ranged around

the quay, bearing wax tapers and baskets of flowers, chanting the hymn that is appropriated to the service of the Saint. Behind them, and extending a little way up the street, stood the priests of the different churches, with the bishop at their head, mitred and arrayed in his richest robes, surrounded by the magistrates, while banners and olive-branches were waving in the air above them. Immediately before the bishop, was carried a large silver image of the Saint, the arms of which were extended, as if in the act of bestowing blessings on all around. At a signal which was given by the firing of a gun, the immense crowd, which stood in the street and along each side of the harbour, sunk upon their knees; the sailors knelt upon the decks of their ships; and the bishop, in an audible and solemn tone, pronounced, amidst the listening multitude, the prayer which is appointed to Saint Roch, and which you may see hanging up in one of the apartments of the

Consigne. He ceased, and instantly the air resounded with loud shouts of *Saint Roch! Saint Roch! ora pro nobis!* and the bells of all the churches tolled quick and deep. I was looking upon the scene, with my mother and Aimée, from our window; and throwing my arms around the waist of each, we knelt at the signal, and remained some time in true and fervent prayer. I have often thought of that moment since, and wished that I could then have died. My heart was full of affection and devotion, and clasping the beings I most loved on earth, and with such a splendid sight before me, I could have sunk back into their arms, and never should have known the misery I afterwards felt. As we rose up, the hymn again burst forth from the departing train of priests, and was taken up by the crowd on the quays and the sailors, and echoed even over the sea, which lay listening in brightness and calm. "Surely," said Aimée, "our God will hearken to the intercession of the holy Saint,

and accept the prayers and praises of such a multitude; and if the supplication of a humble and affectionate heart be worthy of being accepted, mine has been heard, Henri, dear Henri!" and she threw her arms round me. "Can it be possible, as I have heard and read, that such a vast people as now stands before us could be all in one short week swept off by the withering hand of plague? It cannot surely be; else, long ere now, the disease had spread, and not lingered in one single secluded street." "Alas!" said I, "that all the voices which are now calling on our patron Saint might be, ere long, hushed, or raised in agony, is but too true; but let us hope the best." The procession now began to return from the quay; and as the hymn gradually became softer and more distant, as the rich train passed up the *Canebière*, the crowd by degrees fell away, and the influence of the Saint appeared already to have visited them, for they were smiling, and more cheerful than they

had been for weeks. But our trials and sufferings were but begun. This very festival, which the people had fondly trusted was to charm away the plague, was the means of its complete triumph; for it was like the fire that may lie smouldering and smothered in the black embers, but, if the match and dry rushes be cast upon it, kindles, and breaks out into a burning flame. The meeting of such a host of persons together, had collected into one centre all the lurking seeds of disease, and before two days had elapsed, the plague was raging in every part of the city in hungry wildness. The Syndics, however, still continued their exertions; and my father was not among the least active. But the labour of prevention and precaution was at an end; nothing now remained to be done but to alleviate suffering, and remove the ravages of death. The city began to wear an appearance of the most frightful desolation and dismay; and from the open windows of the long lines

of houses, cries of agony and lamentation were heard. The harbour presented a scene of confusion and dread; the vessels were all drawn away from the quay, along which a strong palisade was erected; and bodies of troops were stationed at different intervals about the city, to protect and assist the Syndics in the discharge of their arduous duties, and to preserve some kind of order. You may imagine the constant and dreadful agitation in which my poor Aimée and my mother were kept, both on my account, and my father's; for I accompanied him every where, and assisted the Chevalier Rose in burying the dead. For to such a height had the disease now arrived, that almost all those persons who had been hitherto employed in doing this, had perished. The beggars and galley-slaves were employed, but they likewise sunk beneath the contagion, in great numbers; and the dead began to accumulate in vast frightful heaps in all parts of the city! What a

dreadful sight it was, as we made our rounds! There were the putrid and decaying corpses lying all along the streets, and beneath the trees of the public walks, which are now crowded with gay revellers. Among them, and surrounded by these horrid spectacles, lay whole families on small mattresses, moaning with pain and hunger, and parched with burning thirst. We met persons wandering about in all the different species of madness, brought on by intense agony. Some were shrieking and yelling, and wildly imploring assistance; and others were languid and worn out, and roamed along weeping and wringing their hands. A single night was sufficient to add more than a thousand carcases to the already appalling heap; and horrible indeed were those nights. The weather was as calm and clear as it is now, and continued so for weeks together. In vain did we pray for the *Mistral*. The sun, as it went down every evening, left us no breeze to cool our parched bodies;

and the night used to creep on amidst the groans of the dying, and the howling of the city dogs, which were likewise infected. Sometimes, at intervals, we could hear, from the upper end of the *Cours*, the trumpets of the troops that were watching our devoted walls, and they echoed solemnly and sadly over the vineyards. Still, among these sights of danger and devastation, my excellent father remained firm; and through the exertions of the Syndics and the Chevalier Rose, and the pious labours of the bishop and the priests of the different parishes, some scanty comfort and relief were afforded to the afflicted and suffering people. But the most heart-rending sight of all, that hourly and momentarily met our eyes, was that of numbers of infants moaning in their cradles by the side of their dead mothers!

But I must pause now, my son; it is long since I have talked of these matters, and the relating of them brings them as fresh before me

as ever. Let us retire into my cell, and refresh ourselves with some of these ripe grapes and oranges; my mouth is parched, and the sun begins to beat through the leaves of these fig-trees. We will remain till the evening breeze rises and breathes through the wood."—We entered the cell; and the old man, going up to the crucifix, knelt before it, and repeated a low prayer, with his head bent down to the earth; then rising, and pointing to the oranges, "Taste them, my son," said he, "they are from Nice, that mountain Paradise, and the gardens where they grow may be seen glittering from the wide sea. You are not aware, perhaps, that this fruit will not prosper except in the neighbourhood of the sea, and that, like our restless flies, it delights in the warmest and most genial spots." I observed to the old man that I had never been at Nice. "'Tis a lovely place," said he; "and I wonder not that so many of your sick countrymen should select it for their graves. Our seas and skies are

blue here; but, then, we have the impetuous *Mistral*, which roots up our woods and vineyards, and choaks us with the white dust of our roads. But there it is far otherwise;—nestled in the arms of a deep bay, and sheltered by lofty rocks, Nice feels not the rude breath of the *Mistral*, and enjoys, during the winter months, such weather as would charm the unhappy into forgetfulness of the past. All around are rich woods of olives, bathed by the quiet waters, and clothing the rugged and perpendicular sides of the Genoese Alps. I remember when I was there in my youth, with my mother and my lost Aimée, I used to wander, in dreaming and delicious visions, along the myrtle-clad shores. And, I was once particularly delighted with the grand appearance of Corsica, which, in a clear morning horizon, resembled the pinnacles of some magic castle; for as the sun rose, and his rays flung a misty light over the island, it seemed gradually to fade and sink beneath the waters.

And I recollect that my father laughed at me when I told him that I had seen it. Why it is fifty leagues off, said he: but still I had seen the island, for the fishermen all told me so; and I remember too a little chapel built in the rock, and dedicated to Saint Charles, where I used to go and sit, and look over the rich valley that lay beneath. Convents and churches, with their marble staircases and pillars, glittered amid the olives that covered the high banks of the torrent-river Paglion, that runs through the valley; while in the distance, near the city, were the rich fruits you see there mingling themselves with the fig and almond trees that were just putting out their pink blossoms; and then, when I clambered higher, and reached the old castle of Montalbano, which was at that time an important fortress,—then, what a glorious prospect used I to discover! The wide bay before me, with its rich green shores, and Antibes sparkling in the distance; beneath me the harbour of

Villa Franca, inclosed in a semicircle of wooded hills, and its tall light-house, at the end of the narrow quay; and behind me the dark rough rocks which overhang Nice, backed by the snowy Alps, like the advanced-guard of a mighty army, whose white plumes might be seen stretching and towering away in unequal and interminable lines.—But come," said the old man, "the sun is sinking behind yon projecting point of the bay, the leaves begin to tremble; we will resume our seat on the rocks, and I will endeavour to conclude my melancholy story." We went out, and the Hermit sat down amongst the wild herbs, while I remained leaning against the trunk of a large pine, which was growing out of the rock.

CHAPTER XI.

I TOLD you, resumed the Hermit, that our eyes were affected and wounded with the pitiable sight of the poor helpless infants, that lay weeping and sobbing beside the lifeless bodies of those mothers that could no longer soothe and hush their cries. Among those women I remarked, as I was passing through the *Cours*, the wife of one of the porters that had formerly been employed by my father; and taking up her poor little infant, which was clinging to her cold breast, I carried it off in my arms to our house. My mother and Aimée received the child with tenderness and soft compassion, and procured some milk from the goats, which wandered neglected about the city; and they had the satisfaction to restore the little crea-

ture to strength. We were now in the month of September. The disease was unabated and unrelenting in its course, and dire and dark had been its ravages. The magistrates assembled at the *Hôtel de Ville* towards the beginning of the month, and examined into the condition of the city, and the number of deaths which had taken place. The result of the examination was appalling! For the circumstance of their own number being reduced to one-third of what it had been a month before, was sufficient to impress their minds with an idea of the general extent of the ruin. Upwards of five hundred persons immediately connected with the *Hôtel de Ville* had perished. The city guard, which had been engaged in superintending the distribution of wine to the people, and in preserving order, were almost all swept away; and the officers of the police were every one dead. The magistrates who remained alive, sat looking at one another in silence for some time; till the

Chevalier Rose, addressing them in an encouraging and noble speech, inspired them with fresh hope and confidence. "Fellow citizens," said he, "let us not shrink from our imperative duties. If we are at last to perish by the disease which now rages unresisted in the city, let us, at least, while we are lying in pain and solitude, have the consoling reflection that we have done what we ought. Let us imitate the bright example of our virtuous Bishop, whom I can see now, through the windows of this chamber, moving among the sick and dying; attended by his priests and friars, and administering bodily and spiritual nourishment to those who are neglected by all but God and his ministers! Let us remember that the eyes of our country are upon us; that our conduct in these perilous times will be handed down to the admiration or contempt of posterity." And as he concluded, the other magistrates rose simultaneously, and going to him, clasped his hands,

and promised to stand by him firmly to the last. My father had not attended the meeting; he had been engaged in the *Place Saint Ferreol*, in superintending the carrying away a vast pile of bodies that were heaped up in the centre. I left the *Hôtel de Ville;* I joined him in the *Place;* and there stood the few remaining galley-slaves, clothed in large loose dresses, with wide hanging sleeves, dragging the bodies with long iron hooks, and tossing them into carts. I recognised among these appalling heaps, which were training amid the dust, and distorted with the last pangs of distraction and delirious pain, some that I had been accustomed to pass many happy hours with upon that very place. The galley-slaves began, however, to be refractory, and refused any longer to work; and my father and myself were in great perplexity and difficulty, when the Chevalier Rose arrived. "How now!" he called out to the desperate and rebellious slaves, who had cast themselves upon the

earth, and hid their faces in the long sleeves of their garments;—"how now, ye wild and wicked wretches!—is it thus that ye expect to obtain pardon for your crimes? Is it thus that ye expiate the dark and deadly deeds whose mark ye bear? Do ye not hear the groans and shrieks of the dying around you, and who are wandering in misery through the city? Such will be your eternal fate, unhappy men! such is the hell that awaits your guilty souls, if ye will not do our bidding! And of what do ye complain? Are ye exposed to greater danger than your magistrates? Do ye see us shrink from duty?"—and seizing from the hands of one of them an iron hook, he continued, "Rise! rise! the Chevalier Rose never asked man to encounter peril which he himself would shun! Rise, and follow me!" And having thus spoken, he began himself to drag the corrupted carcases, and fling them into the cart. The galley-slaves, used to his well-known voice and influence, rose; and giving him a

loud cheer, continued their labour. The heavily laden tumbril then passed slowly down the street, and along the quay, rolling on towards the *Place de la Tourette;* where, doubtless, my son, you, who love the glorious sights of Nature, have stood. Beneath that place had been discovered some dark subterranean caverns which communicated with the sea, whose waters echoed among them. The promiscuous and livid bodies were hurled down into the gloomy depths; and the dashing of the breakers, and the screams of the sea-birds, were their only requiem. You have, perhaps, seen the painting which represents this awful scene; it is, I believe, in one of the chambers of the chateau *Borelli.* I replied, that I had seen it; as also another, at the *Consigne,* displaying the terrible effects of the plague, and the heart-rending scenes of sorrow and separation which it had caused.—The old man clasped his hands together, and casting his eyes up to Heaven, said: Of separation and

sorrow, indeed! God knows it has been so to me! A father, mother, and a young new-made bride, all, all, swept off! while I was spared to linger out a long and lonely life. When I saw so many dying around me; when I felt their hot breath upon me, and listened to their cries, I thanked God for my life, and hurried back daily, after attending my father, to my affectionate Aimée. But when I had none left to return to, when none sat watching for me at the window which looked towards the *Hôtel de Ville*, then I could and did pray for death. But I have somewhere read, as I read much now, that there are persons so constituted, that the danger in which they may be placed, only serves to keep their blood in that wholesome agitation and warmth which prevents them from sinking into the dangerous lassitude of fear; and that *le peril monte à la tête comme le vin*, I think the expression was. For though I was daily and nightly engaged in assisting my father in

the performance of his duties, yet the hand of disease passed harmless over me. Not so did it spare my father! For towards the end of September, one morning as he was passing through a narrow street of the old town, his foot slipped, and he rolled among a heap of the festering carcases. The shock, the disgust of this circumstance, affected him so much, and had so tainted his blood, that upon his return home, which he immediately did, he complained of sickness, and before the next morning was in the last agonies of the disease. We all, you may conceive, were stricken to the heart. The whole night we had watched by his restless pillow; and Aimée had supported his burning forehead in her arms. She would not quit him; and I stood looking on, in dreadful anticipation of what might yet follow. The poor little babe lay sleeping softly in its cradle, unheeding the fearful scene which was passing around it. My mother knelt before the crucifix which was

at the head of the bed, and occasionally sprinkled my father's forehead with perfumed water. He, alas! knew us not, his senses wandered, he fancied himself still endeavouring to extricate himself from among the fatal heap of bodies, and he struggled and strove to free himself from our arms;—but all was soon over! and Marseilles lost another of her best and most useful citizens. We could not bear the idea of burying him instantly, as our safety seemed to require; but a few hours after his death, my mother, who had sat silent and inattentive to every thing by the side of the bed, looking upon the fast-changing features, complained of violent pains in her head. Aimée and myself both shuddered at her words, and we had reason; for ere the sun had cast his last beams upon our windows, my father and mother lay by each other, in rest from all their pain! Aimée and I knelt before the crucifix, and offered up our prayers for their departed spirits. But the bit-

ter thought that they must be buried directly, that our lives, my precious Aimée's life, might be endangered if their bodies were allowed to remain, soon presented itself to me. But could I see them thrown into the yawning pits of the *Tourette?* (since, in those times, there were no distinctions of rich and poor funerals,)—impossible! and I determined upon bearing them myself to the garden, which was behind the house that belonged to my wife's father, who was then in America. I sprinkled them with vinegar; and wrapping myself in a wide cloak, I conveyed them separately away, and laid them with my own hands in one grave, beneath the almond-trees.

Thus had I, at last, begun to feel in my own family the desolation and blank which the destructive ravages of the disease had caused; and all I had now left in the world to live for, was my Aimée. But she was spared to me; and I made a vow to the Holy Virgin, that I would

dedicate my first daughter to her service, if both our days were lengthened, and our lives spared to see our children flourishing around us. The first period which passed after our loss, was dreary and disconsolate; I had been my poor father's companion in his difficult and dangerous duties; and now I went forth alone, and bitterly did I lament the painful privation. But I soon gave up my former exertions; a secret and undefinable dread began to hang over me, and I was unwilling to quit Aimée for any length of time. She, innocent and tender as she was, began to recover her spirits; and as the autumn advanced, when the heat decreases, and the chill *Mistral* sweeps up from the north, with its dark train of clouds, we both hoped that some diminution of the disease would take place. For increase, it scarcely could. The harbour before our windows presented a frightful appearance;—its waters were covered with the floating car-

cases of men and animals, and the ships lay silent and gloomy upon the corrupted waters.

All along the quay were scattered the precious, and now useless cargoes, which had been intended for a healthy and happy city; but some of which had, perhaps, caused the ruin that lay around them, and mocked the rich productions of America and Italy. And when I ventured into the streets to examine into the state in which the city was, what a sight presented itself! It had seemed, weeks before, as if nothing could have added to the dismay and darkness of the scene; but though the contagion was then at its height, it had not accomplished all its wild work. The long wide street of *La Canebière* was filled with beds, and furniture of all descriptions, thrown from the windows of the houses, which looked white and desolate, like a long range of tombs. At some of the windows were a few pale and emaciated wretches, who were leaning upon their withered arms, and

looking down towards the sea, as if the sight of it could have refreshed and cooled the poison of their blood. Higher up in the *Cours*, and close to the gates of Aix and Prome, lay a vast heap of goats and horses, which had died of hunger and disease, while black swarms of mosquitoes were humming and hovering about them. Here and there among the piles of human bodies, which were spread in every direction, lay the Friars and Monks of the different Orders which the city contained; their hands crossed upon their breasts, and clasping their beads. For terribly had the good brothers suffered in the exercise of their Christian and compassionate ministry. Capuchins, Jesuits, Observantines, Recollets, barefooted Carmelites, Trinitarians, Dominicans, and many others, to the amount of three hundred, besides the greatest part of the *Curés* of the different parishes, were scattered all through the city, in death and decay. The hospitals had become incapable of containing the sick; for the

moment any symptoms of contagion appeared upon any one, he was frequently, and instantly, deserted by all his kindred and friends, and left to die in his lonely chamber of hunger and pain, or obliged to crawl to the hospital. But those establishments soon could contain no more, and thus thousands were compelled to drag their weak and wasted limbs to some shady corner or doorway, where they might lie unmolested and die. Thus passed away the month of September and part of October. The Chevalier Rose, and our pious Bishop, ceased not to pass among the afflicted people, like protecting prophets, of whom it might have been said in the words of the holy King David, "A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but the pestilence shall not come nigh thee." The month of October at last concluded, and the first of November our holy festival of All Saints arrived. Who would have thought upon that anniversary a year before, that its revolving

successor would have presented such a spectacle as that day rose upon? Then, all was still and solemn, the religious crowd were quietly and slowly pacing to the churches, to pray for their departed relations, and the city was at rest from its labours, but not as it was at that moment. Those who had knelt and asked the intercession of the blessed saints, for the suffering souls of the dead, were now, perhaps, themselves all mingled among them, and expiating their own sins.

It had been determined by the few remaining Magistrates and the good Bishop, that upon this day, an encouraging and unusually solemn service and procession should take place; and that a new festival should be instituted, in memory of the destruction which the plague had caused, and as a means, possibly, of appeasing the wrath and awakening the pity of God. There were no longer the same reasons to prevent the celebration of this ceremony, as had existed some months

before with respect to that of St. Roch. Then we were endeavouring to baffle the insidious pest, and to detect and quell its silent course. Now all was different: its fury and fire had gone the way they would, and worked their pleasure, and we had but to pray for relief and future alleviation. On that morning Aimée and I had gone to the garden where our parents were buried; and kneeling upon their graves, and clasping each other's hands, we had poured out our supplications to the interceding Saviour, and his blessed Mother. When we returned, Aimée took the laughing infant from the servant's arms, and, going to the window, stood playing with it and fondling it there. The heat was so intense still, that we were compelled to throw open our windows, to admit some of the fresh sea-air, though the sight that lay before us was so dismal. But long habit had somewhat accustomed us to it, and my wife could now for a short time enjoy the cool breeze when

it visited us. I placed myself at her side, and, putting my arm round her waist, I told her of the ceremony which was just about to take place. "God bless our Bishop, and the noble Chevalier! said she; they have supported and soothed the sinking courage and spirits of us all, and long will their names be loved and remembered. Hereafter, dear Henri, as we stand upon the *Tourette* on some cool autumnal evening, and look down upon the city and healthy waters, and once more busy quays, we shall talk of these days with shuddering recollection, and compare the cheerful scene with that which now lies before us. We shall talk of the good Bishop aud our friend the Chevalier, who will then be saints in heaven; and as we sit upon the scattered blocks of marble, while our children are around us, we shall feel the gale playing upon our faces, we shall hear the Catalan's evening song, as he sails into the peaceful harbour; and we shall feel our hearts sad but grateful at

the remembrance of these burning days." "May it be so! may your anticipations be accomplished, my best of treasures! said I; thank God! I too, have done my duty, and in times like these may say so. Not for worlds would I have to reflect upon my having selfishly consulted my own safety, and shrunk from sharing the dangers which my fellow-citizens have encountered. But for thy sake am I spared; thy innocence and love have interceded for me, like yon misty vapour, that is just gathering about the sun, and will prevent his burning rays from falling upon the holy procession. And thy soft and compassionate care of that sleeping babe will plead for us both, and rising up to heaven with the prayers and incense that our priests will soon offer, may at last appease the angry Saints. See! the Magistrates and the Chevalier are passing along the quay, and proceeding to join the procession; they wave their hands to us. I leave thee, Aimée, I go to pray for us all before the holy

sacrament, but will not tarry long." As I said these words, the bell of the cathedral from whence the train was to set out, slowly tolled, and swung its solemn sound down upon the quay. At its deep knell, the sick, the dying, the desperate men, women, and children, that were scattered and spread along the brink of the waters, as if they had hoped to find some relief upon the cold stone-work which hung above them, raised their feeble limbs, and staggered and tottered toward the *Cours*, where the solemn service was to take place. I hastened thither, and an affecting and striking appearance did it present. At one extremity was erected a temporary altar surrounded with green branches and boughs, and covered with fair white muslin. Above it hung a rich crimson canopy, bordered with golden fringes and tassels, and surmounted by white plumes of feathers. Upon the altar were placed tapers and flowers, and bright golden vessels; while all around were strewed

fresh leaves and roses. The steps which led up to the table were covered with precious tapestries; and upon the canopy was worked a large bleeding heart, surrounded by the words *Sacré Cœur de Jesus.* From among the trees which lined each side of the *Cours*, waved painted banners and pictures of Saints, mixed with mirrors and crosses, and blessed beads. But the living scene was sadly and mournfully contrasted with the pride and pomp, and sumptuous show of the holy preparations. There lay the dying upon their mattresses, which they had contrived to have placed as near the altar as possible; and as they tossed and turned upon their feverish beds, they ceased not to fix their eyes upon the sacred heart. Then came crowding round, those whom the disease had yet spared, but who looked as pale and palsied as if they had risen from their graves. Their staring eyes, and skeleton bodies, mingled themselves horribly with the banners and branches which

hung above them; and their anxious features were reflected all down the *Cours* in the mirrors, which, as they swung about in the wind, seemed to multiply them in endless and ghastly lines. Presently we heard the voices of the priests and friars approaching, accompanied by the hoarse and lengthened tones of the trumpet, which seemed, indeed, to be spreading its miraculous sound among the graves of the world, and summoning mankind before the Eternal Throne! I thought then upon my poor parents, and I bowed my head upon my hands in prayer. Daily and nightly do I kneel before yon crucifix; but never, never have I offered up my heart to God with such fervour and intensity as upon that well-remembered day! The procession came slowly on; the thronging people listened in silence, and the restless and dying sufferers lay still upon their beds. But, alas! how different did it appear from what it had been some months before! Then, there was a

long train of priests and friars, and magistrates, and military pomp; while the bishop, arrayed in his mitre and splendid stole, looked with encouraging and noble countenance upon the faithful people. All this was changed. Attended only by the Chevalier Rose and two or three magistrates, which were all that remained; a few of the canons of the *Acoules*; and the *Curé*, and some priests of the parish of *St. Ferreol*; he walked in humility and mortification; clothed in coarse garments, the rope of penitence round his neck, the cross traced upon his breast, and barefooted, the pious prelate ascended the steps of the altar, and threw himself in deep and ardent devotion at its feet. Then rising and turning round towards his kneeling flock, and spreading his hands above them, he bestowed upon them the consoling and comforting benediction, the *Dominus sit vobiscum!* which recalls the wandering mind to its duty. Then consecrating the holy wafer, and

murmuring over it the mysterious and unheard prayer, he held it up to the expecting multitude, who bent their bodies to the earth. And having partaken himself of the blessed sacrament, and distributed it to the ministering priests, he solemnly dedicated the city to the *Sacré Cœur de Jesus*,* and instituted and appointed the day to be kept as a festival once in every century. He then descended the steps of the altar, and passing among the thickly spread mattresses, he anointed the now hushed and grateful sufferers with the consecrated oil; and many, as his fingers completed the Christian sign upon their foreheads, looked upon his face and died.

I remained praying and kneeling in admiration and awe; but the thought of Aimée, who

* Upon the banners which are carried at this procession, the Saviour is represented with a heart upon his breast, surmounted by a cross, and encircled by a glittering glory, to which he points, as if bidding mankind confide and appeal to his love.

must be expecting me, made me start to my feet, and bowing my head to the bishop, who was standing close to me, I hurried away. My house was close by, and, as I hastened up the stair, I heard my wife laughing, and the little baby crowing and chuckling with joy. When I entered the room, Aimée was playing with a ball of cotton, which she was throwing and making roll about the room to amuse the child. "Bless you, my love!" said I to her, "it is indeed refreshing, after such a sight as I come from, to find you thus; come, let me, too, join in your sport;" and I strove to snatch the ball from her, which she playfully hid in her bosom. "Oh!" said she, "you cannot have this, it came here from a young and gay knight that was lingering beneath my window; and, I suppose, contains soft and sugared words." "What do you mean, Aimée?" said I; "you are become too poetical and mysterious in your language for my understanding!" and I believe I looked angry.

"Fie, Henri!" said the gentle creature; "what! are you envious of my new acquirements? I thought you loved me better than to be vexed at my prating folly: let us not quarrel about this toy," and she threw it on the ground. I looked at her, and saw the tears starting to her eyes: my heart smote me, and I flung my arms round her neck, while the babe played with my hair. "Oh! there stands my knight," said Aimée, pointing to a little boy who was upon the quay just below our window; "see how wistful he looks up to us." "What do you mean, my love?" said I. "Well, if you must know this mighty secret," said my wife, "that careless rogue in playing with his ball, (poor fellow! it is well for him that he has health and spirits to do so,) flung it up through the window, and then ran away, frightened at his fault; see, one of the squares is broken." I took up the ball, and threw it down to the boy, who ran off immediately; but seeing the Chevalier passing towards

the *Hôtel de Ville*, I kissed Aimée, and hastened after him.

The Chevalier had just received a report from the remaining physicians of the city, stating that the disease was sensibly diminishing. "Thank God!" said he, "our gates will soon be opened, and the assistance of money and provisions, promised us by the Parliament of Aix, will soon arrive. Henri, my friend, I have supported myself through these trying scenes by God's assistance! but I know not what I should do, did they last much longer. To see so many of our best and dearest friends and citizens lying dead and deserted; and to think of the dreary void that must be here when health returns to us! Great God! look at this silent hall!" continued he, as we entered the council chamber; "look at that circle of chairs! almost all those who filled them some months ago, and were congratulating themselves upon the success of their precautions, are now—where shall I say?, for I

know not—flung, perhaps, amidst the slaves and the beggars into the caverns of the *Tourette.* I shuddered at the recollection of the scene which I had witnessed there, and said, "At least, my dear Rose, my own father and mother are buried in an unpolluted, though it be not a consecrated grave. The almond-trees with their green leaves and pink blossoms shade the earth which covers them; and the breeze which sweeps along the vineyards, breathes freshness among the flowers that my Aimée planted there." We looked out upon the harbour, whose vessels were beginning to assume a healthier appearance; the sailors being employed in washing their decks, and hanging out into the air the beds of those whose bodies were floating around. The men had hitherto remained indifferent and inactive; and with the reckless desperation of their disposition, had passed the little time they expected to live, in intemperance and blasphemy. But the holy ceremony seemed

to have changed the hearts and elevated the hopes of all, and some were even singing their long-neglected songs. The Castle of St. Nicholas, on the opposite quay, was deserted and dreary, very different from the appearance it had presented when I had anchored beneath it five months before. But it was no longer bathed by the same untainted waters; heaps of human carcases floated along by its walls, and the green and gangrened limbs of various animals were piled up on the rocks at its feet. "Look," said the Chevalier, "look at yon vessel which lies close to the *Consigne*; she is but small, and yet the pestilence which has swept off so many thousands from this vast city, came lurking among her precious silks. Those fair forms for whose pride and pomp they were woven and wafted hither, are now a prey to the worm and the water-rat. And how is thy wife?" continued he, "does she still hold up in cheerfulness and confidence? Thou art indeed happy in having such

a comfort under these afflictions. I think I can see her at the window of thy house;" and in fact Aimée was leaning out of the window upon her hand; the child was not with her, and I supposed that it slept. I waved my hand to her, but she saw me not, else I knew she would have kissed those white fingers to me. A friar just then came up to the *Hôtel*, and inquired for the Chevalier. We descended from the balcony where we had been standing, and found the religious below. He was the bearer of a message from the Bishop, requesting the Chevalier's assistance in distributing the bread and wine which the virtuous and venerable patriarch had daily bestowed upon the hungry people. Hitherto they had received it in tranquillity, and trembling anticipation that they might never need more; but now, since the mass, they had recovered their hope and strength, and numbers who had wandered about before careless of nourishment, now rushed towards the episcopal palace, and

pressed upon one another in close and crushing confusion.

Such was the report of the friar, and the Chevalier's powerful interference could alone perhaps prevent this additional evil. He hastened off with the messenger, and I returned to Aimée. She was still leaning upon the window; and as I passed under it, I looked up, and smiling, said to her, "Here I am, my love; you need not lean and linger there now, to watch for me; here I am, come to complete our peace." She smiled upon me, but spoke not; and an unpleasant and uneasy sensation passed across me, as I looked at her languid eyes. I hastened up the stairs, and into the room; the infant was not there; and Aimée, hearing me come in, turned round and held out her hand to me. There was something in the way she did this so unusual, so unlike her general manner, that I stood still for an instant, looking upon her in silence. Her countenance was still

cheerful and smiling, but there was an expression of lassitude and debility in the features, and a slight redness hung about her eyelids; her hands were hot, but so were the sun's rays, which had been beating upon the window as it was sinking into the sea; and I said to her, "My inconsiderate, careless Aimée, is it thus you consult our happiness, by making yourself ill, and exposing your delicate frame so long to those dangerous beams? Here, taste these oranges, which you know have been preserved here ever since my return from Cadiz: they will cool your tongue and parched lips;" for she complained of thirst, and said that her mouth seemed burning. She took the oranges, and, dividing one into two parts, gave me one, saying, "You too must be weary, my dearest husband. Alas! we weak women require so much care and cherishing, and yet remain inactive and useless! while you, proud in your strength and courage, seem regardless of fatigue and danger." The moist syrup

seemed to relieve her; and being anxious to know if the tumult and trouble around the bishop's palace had been appeased, I tenderly embraced my wife, and telling her where I was going, I left her, as I thought, refreshed and restored from the noxious effects of the sun. I hastened up to the palace, and there I beheld indeed the influence of heroism and piety. The vast crowd was hushed and tranquil; the excellent Bishop stood upon the steps, surrounded by the priests, one of whom held up a large silver cross; the Chevalier was just below him. The obedient people came, one by one, in patience and gratitude, and received upon their knees, from the hands of the good Belsunce, the strengthening donation. The venerable man blessed each as he knelt down, and the Chevalier addressed to many of them some encouraging expressions. "That is well," said he to one man whom he had observed before as among the most violent, "that is well, my good man; your fellow-citizens

can now partake in tranquillity of these alms, and your next confession will be more acceptable to your priest than if you had converted the Bishop's charitable exertions into a scene of disappointment, and perhaps death. "*Oui, mon Chevalier*," said the man, "if ever God descended upon the earth to befriend the poor, he is among us now. When I look at you and our merciful Bishop, I am sure that ye are the angels appointed to assist us in our distress." "So, my pretty maiden," said my friend Rose to a young flower-girl, "could not you find a lover to come and receive your mother's portion, without being compelled to struggle and strive with those slender limbs among the crowd?" The girl blushed as she saw those near her smiling, and said, "Oh! Sir, to be sure, Adolphe would have come directly, but, thank God, he is at Paris," clasping her hands as the Bishop blessed her.

Well, my son, the blessed and Christian office lasted till the moon rose, and even after; for the

aged and infirm, who could not advance before, now made their feeble way up to the Bishop's feet; and a beautiful sight it was to see them, as the moonlight fell upon their furrowed faces, holding up their shaking hands, and themselves blessing the holy priests. I could have lingered much longer there, but Aimée was alone; and I walked slowly back towards my house, among the retiring people. As we passed along the end of the *Cours*, we saw sitting, upon one of those benches under the trees, where probably, my son, you have often sought shade, a Turk who had long dwelt at Marseilles, and was noted for his skill in medicine. His name was Hassan; and he had perhaps, by his spices and prescriptions, preserved numbers from falling a prey to the pestilence. He was sitting calmly and gravely amidst the bodies which still lay around, and held in one hand a pipe, which he was smoking, while the other was concealed in the folds of his robe. As we passed by him, the peo-

ple saluted him, and seemed to do so with a sort of awe. Hassan replied to their address with a slow and tranquil bow, seeming to be perfectly indifferent to the living and the dead around him. It was a striking and strong instance of that system of fate and fixed destiny which you have probably heard of, my son, and the believers in which feel neither hope nor fear, but await the inevitable event in complete composure.

I reached my house, the windows were closed; which surprised me, as I knew my Aimée loved to stand and gaze upon the waters of the harbour as the moon shone upon them, and which had been during the afternoon freed in a great degree from the putrid bodies, by the sailors, who, moving about in boats, had pushed them with long poles towards the mouth of the harbour, from whence they floated away round up to the rocks along the coast. But my wife, I thought, might probably be performing her

evening devotions; and as I drew near the door, I heard her voice in low and confused murmurs. But, Mother of God! how did I find her! I had left her sitting at her embroidery, at a table near the window, and I looked towards that part of the room. She was not there. The rest of the apartment was in darkness, and the moon just threw a few beams upon the table, which was covered with painted roses and velvets, and shining silks. I was alarmed; I heard however her voice, and stepping on, my foot (and the old man shuddered) struck against something which lay upon the floor. It was my wife. She knew me, called to me; "Henri, raise me up; I am ill, my feet are weak and wavering, and, in crossing the room to fetch my guitar, I have fallen here." I raised her up, and supporting her in my arms, I bore her to the couch. Her hands were like fire, and her lips, as I kissed them, almost clung to mine. "Aimée, my precious creature," I asked in agony and horror, "what

dost thou feel? what means this strange weakness? Are you in pain?" "My tongue is blistered, my forehead throbs," said she, "and I could drink the worst and dullest water." I put one of the oranges to her lips, but she seemed to heed it not, in spite of her wish for moisture. The truth now at once flashed upon my distracted mind: the pestilence had breathed upon her; but how, and in what manner, and from whence had it come? Aimée had never once quitted the house, and the servant was too terrified to do so, and, I knew, had not. Suddenly the circumstance of the ball darted across me. It was even so,—the infected cotton had communicated its poison to my wife's heart's blood. She continued to lie in my arms, but still and tranquil, as if my embrace had power to refresh and soothe her; but soon she complained of shooting pains in all her limbs, and seemed growing worse. I called wildly for the servant; and telling her to watch by her mistress, and whis-

pering my suffering Aimée that I would soon bring her relief, hurried away to the *Cours*. The Turk, Hassan, was still there, and I rushed up to him. "Come with me, come fly, Hassan!" I almost shrieked out; "bring hither thy simples and spells, for they are all needed." The Mahometan looked at me calmly as he slowly rose; and said, "*Allah! il Allah!* there is no God but *Allah!* and Mahomet is his Prophet. What is to be must be. The camel may not strive against his master, nor the slave against the whip; nevertheless, I will go with thee, young man." He gathered up his long garments, and walked on, but so deliberately, that I was tempted to upbraid him with his cruelty. When we got back to my house, the pest had not lingered in its course: my poor wife was delirious, and her cries wrung and racked my heart-strings. I sunk upon my knees by the side of the couch, and took her clenched hand into my own. She knew me not! Her words were wild and wan-

dering, and she raved of harps, and saints, and sleeping angels. "Give me the babe!" she shrieked out; "give me the babe! see, they ask me for it! they frown upon me, and wave me away, and point to it. Give me the babe! Ah! now," and she clasped my hand; "now I have him, the blessed Virgin opens her arms to me; the angels tune their harps!" And fatigued and exhausted by the paroxysm, she then lay still. Hassan stood at the foot of the couch, looking down upon her in silence; and when she ceased to rave, he slowly shook his head. "The Black Spirit hath been here," said he; "I see the point of his sable arrow, even now, festering in those boils which are upon thy wife's neck: not all the herbs and frankincense of our spicy groves could now sweeten or heal her blood. Thy fair Palm-tree must die, young man; the hot blast of the Simoom hath scorched her."—If you, my son, have ever lost something which seemed to form a part of your existence, and your words

would lead me to suppose that you have, then can you feel for me, and conceive what I suffered as the Physician Hassan spoke thus.

"No! no! say not so! good Turk," I cried, "say not so! I will give thee gold and merchandise sufficient to make thee Vizier over thy native city, if thou wilt heal this sweet saint." "It cannot be," said Hassan, "alas! pity it is that so fair a creature should die an infidel, and be for ever cut off from the blessed gardens of our Paradise, and the songs and pleasures of the favoured Houris. But it cannot be! the Angel of Death is even now covering her with his wings;" and the death-pang began indeed to rattle in her throat. But I cannot, I cannot tell thee how she died; I scarcely know. I remember something of her clinging to my neck, and kissing my forehead, and the screams of the servant, and the odour of essences and spices; but nothing distinct remains upon my recollection. I became delirious, as they told me afterwards, and knew no one,

not even my friend Rose, who never left me. When I recovered my senses, after a month's darkness and distraction, all was blank. My loss alone stood before me, like yon rugged island, which is surrounded by a cold unfathomable waste. My wife had been buried in the same grave with my parents, by the care of my affectionate Rose!

During my derangement the month of November had passed quite away. December arrived, and brought with it the *Mistral*, and the malady, as they told me, was dying away; and need, indeed, it had to do so, for it had little left to ravage. The parliament of Aix, towards the end of the month, withdrew the line of troops from before our walls, and the new year opened encouragingly upon the reviving city. But it brought no change of prospects to me; I was like the vineyards which lay around us, and which had pined away during the plague, untended and forgotten.—Your sorrows, my son,

have, no doubt, made you pious, and a reader of the Scriptures, as it did myself. I used to sit at my window and look upon the rejoicing crowds which again thronged the quay, and compare myself, as I saw them smiling and greeting each other, to the field so beautifully described by the Prophet son of Amos.

"I will water thee with my tears, O Heshbon and Elialeh! for the shouting for thy summer fruits, and for thy harvest is fallen; and gladness is taken away, and joy out of the plentiful field; and in the vineyards there shall be no shouting; the treader shall tread out no wine in their presses; I have made their vintage-shouting to cease." And soon, my son, I became indifferent to the world: I had none to labour or live for; and I determined upon quitting those scenes which only increased the bitterest of my recollections. I gave up my property to my Aimée's father, who had returned from America to mourn with me over her loss, and retired hither.

The sacred dust of the three beings who had made my past life happy, I removed; and it now lies mingled and awaiting mine in the marble tomb below. Many a long year has gone by since that time, and I little thought that I should have lingered so long after them upon the earth."

CHAPTER XII.

As the hermit concluded his story, the vesper-bell tolled from the village below; and I found that my attention had been so occupied by listening to him, that the day had passed away unperceived. The moon had risen, and threw her full unclouded light upon the rude and winding paths which led down from the cell: I rose, and asking the old man's blessing, who seemed exhausted and depressed, I returned through the perfumed wood to my house. When I arrived there, I found that my friend the vigneron had left me a new-year's gift. It was a pretty basket, made of rushes, and filled with rich grapes; and my servant called it a *Cophin*. The singularity of this appellation struck me, and I immediately recognised another

of those traces which remain in these countries of their ancient Greek colonists; *cophin* being evidently a corruption of the Greek κοφινος, a little basket.

The history of these colonists is one of those circumstances which furnish to the studious mind a wide field for thought and pleasing reflection. Some of the Greeks who had taken up their residence in that part of Asia Minor which is bathed by the Ægean Sea, and which lies between Troy and Smyrna, had been expelled from their country by Harpagus, one of the generals of Cyrus: they were called Phocæans; and, after wandering about for some time like pirates, reached, at length, the coast of Provence. Upon their arrival, delighted at the appearance of the country, which, with its bright sun and vines and green fig-trees, reminded them of their own, they determined upon concluding their unsettled mode of life, and fixing themselves in this inviting region. But, in or-

der to effect this peaceably, it was necessary to despatch an embassy to the rude Prince of the Provençals; who then resided at, it is supposed, the modern Arles. Upon the arrival of the Phocæan messengers at that place, they found that the inhabitants were engaged in celebrating a festival, which the King of Arles had proclaimed for the purpose of choosing a husband for his daughter. The ambassadors were introduced into the hall, or, perhaps, wood, where were assembled the Provençal chief, with his daughter, and a long train of suitors, and courteously entertained. But to the astonishment and dismay of the native wooers, the Princess, who was allowed the singular privilege of choosing for herself, immediately bestowed her hand upon the leader of the stranger guests. Of course, by this marriage the Phocæans became friends and allies to the father of their Queen, and were allowed the permission which they had requested, to build for themselves a city, of which,

the foundations were immediately laid, and which were to form the city that now lies below me. They called it Massilia, for which name various learned reasons have been given, which I neither understand nor can enter into. The city Massilia, from whatever circumstance so called, silently and gradually increased in opulence and importance; while her harbour was thronged with ships, and her internal government was wise and pure. Six hundred of the most esteemed citizens formed the principal council or senate; of whom, fifteen were selected to transact all the more immediate and urgent affairs. No one, unless he had children, could form a part of this council; the natural affections of the heart being considered, in the simplicity of those times, the best security which could be obtained for the freedom and welfare of the state. Their manners were correct and simple; all licentious amusements were forbidden; and the attention of the people was

entirely bestowed upon the increase of their commercial fame. But there prevailed among them one singular custom, which the philosopher will consider with curiosity; the Christian with pious horror; and the unhappy with deep interest. When any person, after having suffered unusual misfortunes and misery, lost all hope and courage, and considering himself deserted or detested by the Gods, determined upon dying, the Senate required that his purpose should be intimated to them. That body then assembled in the Hall of Audience in solemn state, and the unfortunate and desperate person was brought before them. He was then questioned as to his resolution; and if he still persisted in it, was ordered to unfold to the assembly his reasons; which he did:—giving an account of his afflictions, and confessing his despair. The senators then deliberated upon the case; and if they considered the man before them a fit object for relief, delivered to him a portion of the hemlock,

which was preserved for this express purpose in the gardens of the Senatorial Palace, and sanctioned, by a recorded decree, the dreadful act which then followed. This melancholy abandonment of what mankind in general so fondly cling to, is one of those problems in the mystery of our nature, which set all reason and philosophy at defiance. For the wise and the weak alike fall by their own hand; the warrior, the statesman, the eloquent orator, and the poor drivelling and desperate mechanic, have all sunk beneath the intense gloom and agony of mental depression. Yet, in this smiling climate, it would seem impossible for a man to become so totally and hopelessly darkened, as to require the juice of the fatal hemlock. For since I have dwelt here, I have found my heart grow calmer, and my spirits lighter. I have thought upon the past with less bitterness, and have even been, at times, almost happy. But then, the words of others would awake again the scotched snake,

and the sun would seem dull and misty. And so must it ever be! It is not the sumptuous palace, nor the quiet cottage; it is not the golden garden, with its statues and founts and marble terraces; nor the simple hedge-rows of wild roses and honeysuckle, winding among the green lanes, that can give rest or peace to the mind:—it is its own place, and in itself

"Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

We may change our clime, we may dwell amid the olive and the vine, beneath the cataract and the snowy mountain; but though, thus surrounded by beautiful nature, the chain which binds our hearts may for a time be slackened, yet, anon, the inquisitor Care tightens and twists its links, and the iron again enters into our souls.

Montesquieu, in his Spirit of Laws, says, "That while the practice of suicide continued to

be general among the nations of antiquity, their Republican virtues were sterner and stronger, than when a Roman senate had learned tamely to obey the nod of an imperial despot." It certainly did not diminish the activity and independent spirit of Marseilles. She planted colonies, she assisted Rome against her great rival, and was numbered among her most faithful friends and allies. But amidst that mighty struggle for the world, between Cæsar and Pompey, the Greek city sunk beneath the brighter star of the Dictator, and became his tributary. Time passed on;—Emperor after Emperor delighted or disturbed the world, till at length Constantine, at the commencement of the fourth century, became the first Christian Prince and Pontiff of Rome, and Marseilles ceased from her Pagan superstitions. Upon the death of Constantine, and the partition of the empire among his sons, Marseilles was allotted, among the other cities of Transalpine Gaul, to Constantine the

younger; and became, during his reign, the scene of a remarkable tragedy. The young prince had married Fausta, the daughter of Maximian Herculius; who, compelled by the failure of his projects and plots against his own son Maxentius, in favour of whom he had hastily abdicated the crown of Italy, was living a fugitive at the Gallic court. Maximian, however, though foiled in his previous attempts to regain sovereign power, was not contented to live in security and tranquillity. He formed a dark conspiracy against his son-in-law and benefactor; but his machinations were discovered, and he was obliged to fly. He hurried to Marseilles, with the hope, perhaps, of saving himself by sea; but Constantine, having rapidly pursued the traitor, with a party of troops, was admitted secretly by a postern gate into the city, and Maximian fell into his hands. He, however, piously refused to punish, as he might justly have done, the father of his wife;

and life was spared, and liberty restored to the fugitive. But the abdicated sovereign could not continue an obedient subject; and he again contrived an ungrateful plan of rebellion and murder; darker and more deceitful than the last, since he had endeavoured to corrupt the faithful tenderness of his daughter, and induce her to unite with him in his bloody design against her husband. Fausta feigned compliance, and promised to dismiss the guards which were always placed at night in the royal chamber,—thus leaving the prince an easy prey to the assassin; but the unhappy daughter and affectionate wife had disclosed all to Constantine; and one of the Eunuchs of the palace was commanded to lie down in the devoted bed. In the dead of the night, Maximian, feigning to awake suddenly, rises, and, amidst an affected and artificial agitation, hurries to the chamber of his son-in-law, to communicate some ominous dream. There he exultingly despatches the unsuspecting Eunuch;

and coming forth, proclaims to the palace the death of the Emperor. On a sudden the trumpets sound, the Imperial eagles are seen advancing amid the torches of the Prætorian guard, and the Emperor himself, surrounded by his officers, stands before the terrified and confounded Maximian. All further generosity to the incorrigible and unnatural parent would have been useless and impolitic. The melancholy choice, however, of the mode in which he would die was allowed him; and the baffled tyrant placed about his own neck the rope which terminated his dangerous life.

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